MY YEARS IN DUNDEE WITH BISHOP FORBES OF BRECHIN

GEORGE GRUB

Given in memory of Canon Wilson, 1967

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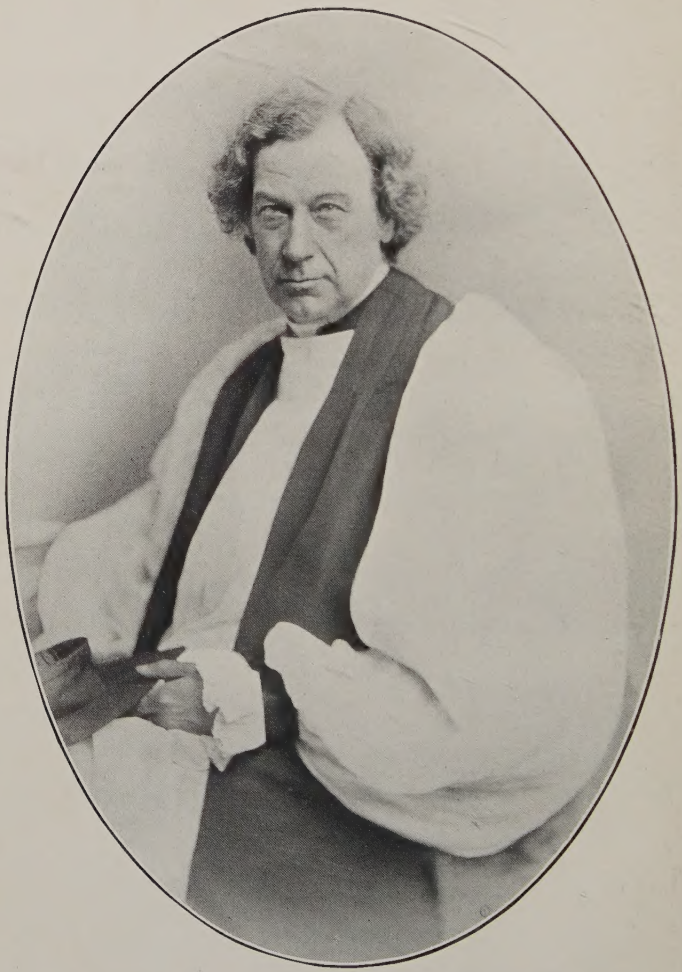

THE RIGHT REVEREND ALEXANDER PENROSE FORBES, D.C.L.,
BISHOP OF BRECHIN, 1847—1875.

My Years in Dundee

. WITH .

Bishop Forbes of Brechin

1871-75.

BY THE

Very Rev. GEORGE GRUB, F.S.A.,

Hon. Chaplain to the Most Rev. Walter John Forbes Robberds, D.D.,
Bishop of Brechin, *Primus*, and
formerly Provost of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth.

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PREFACE.

THIS little book is an offering of affection to the memory of a Bishop who did so much in his day for the building up of our restored Scottish Church, and caused its light to shine before his fellow-christians and countrymen in Scotland. It is to be regretted that no complete biography of the Bishop was ever published. The memoir by Canon Mackey, and a brief sketch by Miss Yonge in the "Churchman's Companion" are rarely to be met with. And now few remain of those who served under Bishop Forbes of Brechin. Consequently, I have frequently been asked to place on record my recollections of the years when it was my privilege to be associated with the Bishop and his work in Dundee. After writing these pages, I might still have hesitated to give them publicity, had it not been for some kind words of encouragement from the Dean of Brechin, who remembers well the days here described, and from Mr. Forbes of Medwyn, the Bishop's nephew.

G. G.

DUNMORE PARSONAGE,
STIRLINGSHIRE,
Easter, 1912.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO DUNDEE.

Letter from Bishop Alexander Penrose Forbes of Brechin, 15th December, 1870.

"My Dear Mr. Grub,

"I learn that you have made up your mind to take Orders, and I feel sure that God will bless an undertaking gone into with the spirit and intention which have prompted you to this act of devotion. I do not know what your plans are, but if you have no other attractive sphere of work, I would be glad to offer you, as a beginning, the supernumeraryship of the Diocese, combined with the duty of Assistant Curate at S. Paul's, Dundee, for which I could give you the £50 of the Supernumeraryship plus £50 from myself. You would, of course, be ordained on the dispensing clause 5 of the Xth Canon. If you like the thought of this, you had better come down on a day-ticket to see me. I shall be at home on Thursday, the 22nd. I hope your father will approve of my plans. I am a believer in the transmission of qualities by descent, and I shall be glad to have in my diocese a son of the learned and accurate historian of our Church.

"Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

"Alex. Epis. Brechen."

In accordance with the desire expressed in the above letter, I went to Dundee on Thursday, 22nd

December, and had an interview with the Bishop. He inquired particularly as to my reading and acquaintance with theology. On these points he was soon satisfied, as I had for years, along with my legal studies, gone through a wide and varied theological course of reading with the advice and guidance of my father, whose theological attainments were of no ordinary kind. I remember well the Bishop asked me to read selected portions of Greek Testament, and just as I had arrived at a rather difficult passage, a knock came to the study door, and something important required the Bishop's immediate attention. The "Bishop's Examination," somewhat to my relief, was over. But one of another kind yet remained. I was introduced to the Rev. Henry Macnamara, Senior Curate of S. Paul's, and practically Incumbent, as the Bishop himself had to be so much from home, and was frequently obliged to go abroad for reasons of health. Dear Macnamara! How little we thought that for ten years we should be united in labours of love and work so dear to both. He was a man of strong likes and dislikes. Fortunately we took to each other at once. Arm in arm we were off on a round of visitation amongst the humbler members of the flock. I remember perfectly one of the families visited. It consisted of a niece and two middle-aged aunts—one very frail and delicate. The niece was a dressmaker with a good business, and supported her aunts and herself by her industry. She was a spiritual child of the Bishop, and one of the best and truest daughters of the Church—never absent from the early Eucharist on Sunday mornings, and connected with most of the Guilds and good works carried on in the parish. After the Bishop's death she placed herself under my spiritual care as

having been so much with him, and she so continued, even after my removal from Dundee, to the time of her death. Strangely enough, I was the last to minister to her many a long year after. I was at a Representative Church Council Meeting in Dundee, and the then Rector of S. Paul's (the present Bishop of Argyll) told me M. A. S. was in a nursing home, where she had undergone an operation and was not expected to recover. I was only allowed to see her for ten minutes, but she was quite collected and happy. "I am not able," she said, "to make my confession." There was no need. Her soul was very white and pure. I gave Absolution and the Blessing, and so we parted. I think before the meeting was over she was at rest. But this is a digression—only the event is ever associated in my mind with that first day of my life in Dundee. On our return, Macnamara made his report to the Bishop, who saw me again, and formally offered me the Curacy of S. Paul's with the Supernumeraryship as mentioned in his letter—on condition that I came in the very beginning of the year to study under his direction, and to share in his work so far as a layman could. Such was my earliest visit to "Castlehill," as the Bishop's home was called. How familiar that house and the Bishop's library or study were to become. Practically there was always an open door at Castlehill. We entered by a little postern beneath the principal entrance, and ran upstairs to the Bishop's study, or to the room occupied by the Rev. James Nicolson, his resident chaplain, Incumbent of S. Salvador's, and afterwards Dean. And the Bishop's study—how crowded it became with memories, till at length, five years later, he lay there in silence in his episcopal robes with mitre and pastoral staff. I must

have been very boyish-looking in those days, though I was 24 years of age. Long after, one of the Bishop's servants told me, "We could not believe the boy with a Glengarry cap was to be our new clergyman." And I remember how people in the street used to turn and look as the young curate and his senior colleague passed along with bright faces on their way to minister to a weary sufferer, or to say a cheery word to some of our old or bed-ridden people.

Residence in Dundee and Ordination.

Thus in the very beginning of January, 1871, I was in residence at Dundee. The long cherished desire since early boyhood was to be fulfilled. Like Lacordaire, I had preached as a child, clad in a gown of some kind, standing on a chair, with my little sister as congregation seated beneath. I became in an unusual way for one so young the devoted companion and friend of my father, who was engaged at the time in writing his Ecclesiastical History of Scotland. At first I sat in a corner of the study playing quietly with large folio volumes, instead of toys like other children of my age. Then as I grew older I was able to assist in revising proofs and helping in other ways. Somehow it was soon borne into my mind that my father needed me, and that he could not well part with me. He was not so well off in those days, as was happily the case in later years, so the cherished idea of going to Glenalmond and thence to Oxford had to be abandoned. I was educated at a well known private school, "Bellevue Academy," and for a short time at Aberdeen Grammar School, before proceeding to the usual Arts course in the University, where my father lectured as Professor

of Scots Law. To be near him, I subsequently became a Student of Law at the University, and served the usual law apprenticeship first with my father and then with his and my own friend, Mr. William Dunn, Advocate. It was not until I had passed all the necessary examinations for admission to the Society of Advocates that God opened the way for my passing from the service of the Law to that of the Gospel. With my parents' full consent, I began to consider what should be the best steps in preparation. There was still some thought of Oxford, or at least of the Theological College then at Glenalmond. As a beginning I was planning a stay at The College, Cumbrae, then under the care of Dr. Casenove, a great friend of my father's. But it was ordered otherwise. A friend whom I had known since boyhood, the Rev. William Hatt, Incumbent of Muchalls (now Dean of Brechin), heard of my intentions, and while in Dundee mentioned the same to Bishop Forbes. The Bishop almost at once sent the letter with which I have ventured to begin these Recollections. For my own part, once having given myself to the work, I was ready to wait as long as the Bishop thought fit. I was also ready at a word to go to the ends of the earth if that should be necessary. All I cared for was to become God's priest, and to go out in His Name, ministering to his people. But I would have preferred a longer and more special preparation for the work, such as a Theological College can best give. The Bishop, however, unexpectedly called on me to present myself for Deacon's Orders, and, after due examination by his chaplains I was ordained on the Feast of the Purification of B.V.M., 2nd Feb., 1871, in the Bishop's Church of S. Paul, Dundee. The preacher was the Rev. H. D. Jones, Incumbent of

S. Mary's, Aberdeen (afterwards Canon Jones, S. Leonards-on-Sea), whose Lay Reader I had been for some time previously. My father and brother (then a boy at school), were invited as the Bishop's guests to be present at the Ordination. The latter recollects sleeping in a little room surrounded by a heap of books and boots!—and how the Bishop asked him next morning with a smile if the ghosts had disturbed his slumbers. He also remembers my kneeling down in Mr. Nicolson's study on the morning of the Ordination to receive my father's blessing, which he gave with hands laid on my head, and the prayer that God might accept the offering of his first-born for His sacred ministry. On St. Thomas' Day, 21st December, the same year, I was promoted to the office of "Priest in the Church of God," being ordained by the Bishop in S. Paul's, Dundee, along with the Rev. J. W. Jeffrey, Curate to Dean Thom, Stonehaven. We were examined by the Dean and Mr. Nicolson at Stonehaven. The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Mackness, Broughty-Ferry, who had recently come to the diocese. Mr. Jeffrey afterwards became Mission Priest of S. Margaret's, Lochee, near Dundee; Curate in Charge of Sealand, in the parish of Hawarden; and subsequently on appointment of Mr. Gladstone, Vicar of Upperthong, Yorkshire.

Such was the providential way in which I gained the privilege of the closest and most intimate friendship with Bishop Forbes. Almost from the first, the affection between us was that of father and son, and such it continued to be to the end. I was not yet a priest when he said, "I hope you will stay with me for five years before taking up other work." I had almost served that term of years with joy and gladness when the good Bishop was taken from us to God's greater and higher ministries.

In after days, Arvisenet's words in his *Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis* translated by the Bishop often brought comfort and encouragement: — "If thou perceive that thou art drawn to the Priesthood and to the cure of souls by a pure and not by a corrupt intention; *if, above all, the Bishop call thee,* and wish to receive thee to the ministry; or at least when thou art trembling at the Sanctuary, shall bid thee come in with confidence; then know, my son, that my will is made manifest unto thee."

CHAPTER II.

BISHOP FORBES.

WHEN I recall my first five years in Dundee from 1871 to 1875, one person always presents himself before me. I see again that tall handsome figure, the long dark olive face, the plentiful iron-grey hair and searching eyes. Some saw in his features a resemblance to that of King James II of England. Along with his remarkable figure there was a natural graciousness of manner which yet had nothing of condescension about it. Except on special occasions his walking dress was that of an ordinary clergyman. But he needed no outward aids to mark him out as a distinguished ecclesiastic. Even in a crowd at home or abroad he would be recognised as a prince of the Church. His father, Lord Medwyn, was son of Sir William Forbes, and amongst his ancestors was that delightful loyal Scottish Jacobite nobleman, Alexander, Lord Pitsligo. The future Bishop was born in Edinburgh, A.D. 1817, educated at Edinburgh Academy and Glasgow University. He went to India in 1836, having received a Civil Service appointment in Madras. But he was invalided home in 1839, and by that time a strong desire to dedicate himself to the priesthood had taken possession of his mind. He was reported to have said to his father:—"Whether would you wish me to be—a dead Indian Judge or a living Scotch Curate?" He proceeded to Brasenose College, Oxford, in his

23rd year, and was ordained in 1844. After a brief curacy at S. Thomas the Martyr's, Oxford, he was appointed by Bishop Moir of Brechin to the historic incumbency of Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, an old stronghold of the Jacobites and of Episcopacy. He was only there a year when he was called to fill the difficult post of Vicar of S. Saviour's, Leeds, which for a time occupied a painfully prominent place in the ecclesiastical troubles of the day. But he had been long enough in the diocese to commend himself to the clergy, and on Bishop Moir's death in 1847, he was elected successor, and consecrated at S. Andrew's Aberdeen, along with Bishop Ewing of Argyll and the Isles, on the Feast of S. Simon and S. Jude, 1847. The sermon was preached by the Warden of Glenalmond, afterwards Bishop Charles Wordsworth of S. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane.

The Bishop had, therefore, been about 24 years in Dundee when I went there in 1871. They had been eventful years for the Church at large and Dundee in particular. When Bishop Forbes went to Dundee the only place of worship belonging to the Episcopal Church was a hall over a bank in Castle Street. The beautiful stately church of S. Paul, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott (now the Cathedral Church of the Diocese), built at a cost of £16,000 in 1855, was consecrated All Saints' Day, 1865. The Church, with its noble tower, occupies a commanding situation, and the entrance is reached from the street by a long flight of steps. But, by the time of my arrival in Dundee, there were, besides the Bishop's Church of S. Paul, the Churches of S. Mary Magdalene and S. Salvador in the town itself; S. Mary's Church, Broughty-Ferry; and S. Margaret's, Lochee, in the immediate neighbourhood. That conveys some idea

of the rapid advance church life and work had made under the Bishop in the course of less than a quarter of a century. In a sermon preached immediately after the Bishop's death, Dean Nicolson mentioned that in 1847, when the Bishop came to Dundee, there were in the diocese 11 charges and 12 clergy; at his death in 1875 there were 17 charges and 22 clergy. The church population had risen from 3,769 to 10,931, and the communicants from 1,710 to 3,754.

One trouble, however, of a serious nature arose in the midst of all the Bishop's successful labours. A primary charge, delivered at the Diocesan Synod in 1857 by the Bishop, on the subject of the Holy Eucharist, gave rise to much discussion, which terminated at length in the Bishop being formally "presented" to the College of Bishops, by a presbyter and two laymen of the diocese for teaching erroneous doctrine. The trial came on at Edinburgh in 1860, and the judgment, limited to a "declaration of censure and admonition" to the Bishop, was practically an acquittal from the charges brought against him. The writer's father was the Bishop's legal adviser, and prepared his legal defence. The Bishop himself drew up his theological defence. I was then a boy of 14, but two circumstances, related by my father, connected with that anxious time took hold of my memory. One was how my father first met John Keble, the saintly author of "The Christian Year." He was fond of saying, "I found him on his knees." It was in the house of Mr. Irvine of Drum in Edinburgh. Keble had come there for the Bishop's trial, and he was on his knees in the drawing-room assisting the children with a toy train. My father told me, also, how in Mr. Irvine's house, after the Bishop's acquittal and while Keble was present, he parodied

Scott's lines on "Bonnie Dundee," in reference to the Primus (Bishop Terrot) being evidently glad the whole affair was over:—

> "And the *Primus*, douce man, said just e'en let him be,
> For the *Synod's* well rid o' that deil o' Dundee!"

The other circumstance was that when the Bishop and my father arrived in Dundee after the trial, the cabman's eager question was "I hope, Bishop, the judgment is in your favour?" It was on that same occasion or at an earlier stage in the proceedings that I first met my future diocesan. I was staying with my father at the house, in Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, of his friend (and the Bishop's friend) Dr. Joseph Robertson, the distinguished scholar and antiquarian, and the Bishop came one day to dinner. It was the first time I had dined with a Bishop, and the impression made on my boyish mind by the Bishop's presence and conversation was deep and lasting. Once, after my Ordination, on our way together to the Infirmary, I asked the Bishop if he recollected seeing a little fellow with my father at Dr. Robertson's house. "I remember perfectly well," was his reply, "but did not think then you were to be one of my future clergy."

I think the short year—to be exact 11 months—of my Diaconate was spent as near to the better world as is possible for sinful man. There was not the awful responsibility of the priesthood, and yet one was admitted to the Sacred Order of the Apostolic Ministry. Dundee in those days, so uninviting to the stranger, so crowded in every part with the poorest of the poor, so filled everywhere with rough, loud talking dusty mill-workers, was to the young Deacon a city of wonderland and delight. Things

are very different now, for at that time sanitary arrangements were of the worst, and the police unable to cope with the criminal part of the population hidden away in back "closes" or at the top of high rickety "lands" or tenements. S. Paul's Church stood in the midst of a densely populated district (at the head of the "Seagate"), occupied chiefly by mill-workers and others of the artizan class. The well-to-do members of the congregation came from better parts of the town some way off, and from the suburbs and country. There were, of course, large districts of working people and poor attached to S. Salvador's and S. Mary Magdalene's and to Lochee, but S. Paul's, as a matter of fact, carried on mission work like the other charges, and at the same time was responsible for most of the better class Church folk throughout the town. Thus the work was of a peculiarly fascinating and engrossing character. There was at that time in Dundee more resemblance to the kind of work in a large east-end London parish, than could be found anywhere else in Scotland, and the Bishop was the light and centre of all the missionary work in the town, and, in particular, of that connected with his own Church and congregation of S. Paul. His figure was one of the most familiar sights in the streets of Dundee. Many things are changed for the better now, but truth compels me to state that during those early years there was only one Presbyterian minister who did anything in the way of visiting the poor. In the fever and infectious wards of the Infirmary I never met any Minister of Religion except our own clergy and those of the Roman Catholic Church. There was a very large R.C. population mostly Irish or born in Scotland of Irish parents—faithfully ministered to by a hard working

band of priests—themselves Irish for the greater part. In this way it happened that the very poor and destitute, and people of all kinds not belonging to the Roman Communion were attended to by the Episcopal clergy. Bishop Forbes was to everyone in Dundee "the Bishop"—so much so that in some parts of the town his clergy were not uncommonly known not as "the Bishop" but as "bishop." Such a hold had the ministrations of the Bishop and his clergy taken on the people, that we were everywhere received and treated with profound respect. We could go into the very worst places amongst the criminal parts of the population without the slightest fear of hurt or indignity. It was enough to show the well-known clerical collar to make sure of a welcome. The rough people knew we were bent on some work of mercy or kindness. I ought to say there was in the town a well-known hard working Methodist local preacher (Mr. Scrymgeour), a most sincere admirer of the Bishop and his work, and on very friendly terms with the Episcopal clergy. He was also very helpful to Lord and Lady Kinnaird of Rossie Priory in their numerous acts of kindness and charity amongst the poor. Alas! much of this came to an end as years passed by. Once, after my removal to Stonehaven, I was in Dundee with Dean Nicolson helping to examine a candidate for Ordination. He spoke sadly of the changed attitude of the people to the clergy. "There is no longer," he said, "the welcome and reverence to us you must well remember. The town is full of socialistic teachers antagonistic to Religion, and putting all sorts of unchristian ideas into the people's minds." Besides the Episcopal and Roman clergy had no longer a monopoly of the poor and suffering. All kinds of philanthropic agencies

were at work, and happily the Presbyterian clergy were at length roused to a sense of their duty, and doing what they could for their people.

Part of the district specially assigned me was called sarcastically "Paradise." But, in truth, in the midst of all the vice and brutality and disease, there were unmistakable gleams of Paradise even in those wretched, overcrowded abodes. There was, *e.g.*, a tailor, a poor helpless cripple, I came across, who resided with a married sister, and helped to support her and her family by his work. He lived quite a clean life in the very thick of sin and crime. He heard the Word of God gladly, prepared himself by earnest repentance and confession for Confirmation and Communion, and used to crawl round on his crutches to the Church for Early Communion at regular times so long as he was able. It was to the same locality I was called during the night to visit a man struck down with apoplexy. He was a notorious criminal, but he must not die without some attempt to save his soul. The outer room was filled by men of the worst type, yet, as the young clergyman entered, every head was uncovered, tho' no one moved from his seat. They remained silent and patient till I returned from the inner room where the dying man lay supported by his wife. Another night, I was groping my way down a broken stair from the top storey of a house, when a man appeared with a light, saying, "Look out! a man was killed on that stair last week!" Amidst such scenes I was soon quite at my ease, owing to the fatherly kindness of my chief, and the splendid examples of my brother clergy. Early in my career, I was introduced by the Bishop himself into the work of visiting infirmary and prison. It was his rule, while in residence, to undertake the

hospital visitation of all fever cases. With his arm in mine, I payed the first of many and many a happy visit to the Infirmary, which stood high above the town, overlooking the barracks. I remember so well his telling me that he reserved to himself the duty of visiting all infectious cases, and adding, "Promise me, when you go to the Infirmary, always to eat a ginger-bread biscuit before you visit the patients." But not many months passed before the good Bishop had to leave the diocese for some time, and the town was in the thick of the outbreak of smallpox, which proved such a scourge to the country. Strangely enough, it was the only disease I felt a repugnance to be brought into contact with. Yet there it was! The plague was all over the town, and children black with it were running about uncared for in the streets. My first case was a boy's funeral, the next, one in the Infirmary. Then all the rest came as a matter of course. After the first natural and momentary shrinking there was never a thought of fear. One felt safer, indeed, in the hospital wards than in most other places. For at that time there was no rule requiring cases of infectious disease to be removed from private houses. I have attended a family laid down with scarlet fever, and nursed the children on my knees as if nothing was amiss. Nor was there ever any bad result. Priests and doctors devoted to such a work seem mostly to live a charmed life—they go without hurt where others would be sure to succumb. Another scourge, which played havoc amongst the poorest and weakest of the people, was what was called the "Irish famine fever," a kind of intermittent fever which reduced the patient to a skeleton, and in most cases proved fatal. Cases of typhus were quite common both in hospital

and out of it. Many years after, while working in Ayr, there were some cases of typhus in the hospital, and a young Irish nurse whom I attended in her last hours was one of the victims. The doctors and nurses were interested and surprised to find how well I was acquainted with a disease which scarcely any of them knew by personal experience. This Irish girl was not the first faithful nurse I had seen falling a victim to this specially infectious and infecting disease. I had, while in Dundee, after recovering myself from typhoid, as almost my first ministration to attend a young English nurse who had contracted typhus from a patient. She was very young and a great favourite with the other nurses and the Infirmary staff. She had been preparing for Confirmation just before she was struck down. When she died the nurses had a coffin made of white wood and lined it with white cotton wool, so that she looked like a sleeping child. We laid her to rest in the Balgay Cemetery.

But I must leave further hospital experience till later on. It was with the Bishop and Henry Macnamara that I learned my first practical lessons in visiting the rich and poor and the working people in their own homes. At the sick bed the Bishop was equally at home with the highest or the lowest. He could lift rich and poor alike into the presence of their All Merciful Father and loving Saviour, and fill them with the comfort of the Holy Spirit. He is one of three of the most saintly Scottish bishops of our day with whom I have knelt at sick and dying beds. I think of one (Bishop Chinnery-Haldane of Argyll) praying in Gaelic beside an old Presbyterian in S. Columba's, Island of Iona; of another (Bishop Wilkinson of Truro and St. Andrews) in his Cathedral

City of Perth, and earliest of all in Dundee, the great manufacturing city of his diocese, I knelt week after week beside Bishop Forbes of Brechin ministering to the humblest of his flock with unfailing tenderness and care. How could one help loving the rich and poor under such a faithful pastor and lover of souls! No wonder though he was regarded everywhere and by everyone as the Chief Pastor in the town of whom all were proud, and in whose sympathetic heart all felt they had a place and share. The wonderful thing about Alexander Forbes, Bishop of Brechin, was the remarkable combination of the scholar, the man of the world, and the saint. He could excel as the man of letters, as the man of wide world-experience, and yet retain the deep spirituality which was the supreme strength of his whole life and character.

CHAPTER III.

A LINK WITH OLDEN DAYS.

IN the first year of my ministry I carried through a commission of some little delicacy entrusted to me by my diocesan. I had not long been ordained, and was still only in Deacon's Orders, when the Bishop directed me to go to Lochlee in connection with the appointment of a new clergyman to that (in those days) rather out-of-the-way incumbency. The late Incumbent, Mr. Simpson, had been there for many years, and was recently dead. The Bishop thought himself fortunate in securing the services of a most excellent successor (still happily ministering at S. Drostane's, Lochlee), who had been offered and accepted the charge. But, unfortunately, the Bishop had forgotten that the consent of the Vestry was necessary, and that the Deed of Presentation had to be signed by them as representing the congregation. So my mission was to go to Lochlee on the Saturday and arrange for a meeting of the Vestry or managers on the Sunday after service. It was a cold wintry day when I left Dundee by train for Brechin, the old Cathedral city. The Bishop insisted on my wearing over my own great-coat a large blue Spanish cloak which he used in travelling. I was not sorry to have it before the day was at an end. Thus equipped I arrived in due time at the hospitable Brechin Parsonage, which for many a long year after was to be like a second home. There I was

heartily welcomed by the Rev. James Crabb (after Dean Nicolson's death Dean of Brechin), and his family, and it was arranged that as there would only be one service at Lochlee I should endeavour, if possible, to return to Brechin on Sunday in time to preach at evening service. As it happened the only vehicle to be obtained for the remaining part of the journey by Edzell to Lochlee—some 9 miles or so—was a small pony-carriage driven by a boy. Consequently we took a long time on the way, and it was quite late when at length, in the dark, I reached the Parsonage door. Besides between Edzell and Lochlee I had to see one of the managers—through old age or infirmity unable to attend the meeting in Church—and to obtain his consent and signature to the Deed of Presentation. This was arranged without difficulty, but we made some mistake as to the house, and had to retrace our way for a considerable distance. When I reached the Parsonage there was silence for a time, and then after unlocking of doors the late Incumbent's son appeared with a look of surprise on his face. I tried to explain who I was and my errand, and was at once warmly received, but it seemed they had given up hope of my arrival, and no proper notice had been given as to there being service next day. But he said they would at once do what they could to despatch messengers to the people far and near. And certainly with good effect, for next day there was an unusually large congregation. At the Parsonage, I found Mr. Simpson's widow, her son and daughter, and a niece. They were all very kind, and in later years we became well acquainted with each other. The service next day was a novel experience—I had never seen anything like it. The congregation, chiefly men, com-

posed for the most part of the smaller farmer class or "crofters"—a mixed choir in a gallery at the west end, with a precentor, who gave the note with a tuning-fork, and himself read out the first lines of the psalm ("Tate & Brady"), to be sung where hymns would now be used. The service, of course, all read, but taken part in most heartily by everyone. The Church itself of the barest possible description, with a little Holy Table, reading-desk, and pulpit, all within the Sanctuary-rail. And yet it was delightful to worship in this simple way with those representatives of the old days, when the Episcopal Church, driven out into the wilderness at the Revolution, still retained numbers of the gentry, farmers, fishermen, peasantry, and others, who clung to the ancient ministry they loved with its Creed and Sacraments. When service was over, the managers assembled in the "Elders' pew." (At Stonehaven, where I went in 1881, the fishermen managers were always called "the Elders.") I briefly explained how the Bishop had found a worthy clergyman to succeed their late pastor, and did my best to show how advisable it was at once to unite in signing the Deed of Presentation to the Bishop in his favour. And then, on receiving the consent of all the managers, I produced the Deed and had it signed there and then. I was a proud man when the precious document was safely in my possession. That same afternoon, having partaken of an early dinner at the Parsonage, a young farmer drove me down the glen to Brechin in his gig. He had never, he assured me, gone there before in so short a time. Anyhow, he had me at the Parsonage in good time for tea before starting off for evening service at S. Andrew's Church. My sermon that night was, I think, one of my earliest attempts at an extempore discourse.

What in another way made this Lochlee visit memorable was that though I officiated in my surplice, only six months before there *had been no vestment worn even in administering the Sacraments except a black gown.* A young clergyman, my dear friend of after days, the Rev. J. W. Jeffrey (Curate to Dean Thom, Stonehaven), who had taken the service one Sunday not long before found a black gown hanging in the vestry, but so dilapidated that he left a notice saying he could not possibly wear it, and had therefore used his surplice. And now when I went to Lochlee unaware of this circumstance I found no trace of a black gown, and not a word of objection to the surplice. I have always been glad to have been so near to the days of persecution, when what people really cared about was to have a priest of their old Faith to administer the Sacraments, and preach the Word of God. The outward vestment mattered little while jealous eyes were watching to see that no priest of our Faith ministered to more than six persons at once in the same place. When I found myself at Castlehill House next day it was reward enough to hear the Bishop saying to Mr. Nicolson, with a look of approval at me, "I told you he was no fool, and would succeed." On another occasion during the vacancy, I took Mr. Crabb's duty at Brechin, while he, as priest, went to Lochlee to administer the Holy Communion. I recollect the interest with which, on his return, he described how he had been called on to exercise a case of discipline. Openly in the Church, in presence of the congregation before service began, he received the confession of a male communicant who had committed grievous sin. After confession and expression of penitence he received Absolution and was accepted back to fellowship and Communion.

The Form used on the occasion was one to which they were accustomed at Lochlee for cases of this kind.

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRITUAL WORK AND WORSHIP AT S. PAUL'S.

HERE seems to be the fitting place to describe the nature of the public acts of worship and the spiritual work carried on at S. Paul's at this concluding period of the Bishop's episcopate. By this time the arrangement of the various services and parochial agencies was practically in the hands of the Rev. Henry Macnamara. Of him, as of the other principal clergy in the town and diocese, I may say something hereafter. A former curate, the Rev. Roger Lingard-Guthrie (formerly Rev. R. Lingard), an Oxford friend of the Bishop's, was still on the clerical staff of S. Paul's as an honorary assistant-priest. On coming to Dundee, I had succeeded the Rev. E. W. Chapman, as 2nd curate. He had also to officiate as chaplain when required at Rossie Priory, the residence (between Dundee and Perth) of the Right Honourable Lord Kinnaird; but soon after my arrival a resident chaplain was appointed. Still, we remained closely connected with Rossie Priory, and supplied duty in the chaplain's absence or illness. I was also "supernumerary" for the diocese, or what is now termed "Diocesan Chaplain"; and was expected, with the Bishop's consent, to officiate anywhere in the diocese in the event of an Incumbent's absence through ill health or when on holiday. But the diocese is a small one, and, the Bishop also liking to assist in this way, I was not so much away from S.

Paul's as might have been expected. The ordinary Sunday services were Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, Litany, and Sermon at 11 a.m.; with Holy Communion on first Sunday of each month—the choir and greater part of the congregation leaving after the Church Militant Prayer. On one Sunday of the month the Holy Eucharist was celebrated chorally, at 8 a.m., when the men of the choir rendered a beautiful and devotional service, which was well attended, especially by members of the Communicants' Societies and Classes. At 3 p.m. there was Evensong—the choir consisting of boys only — with sermon or catechising. The congregation was not large, but some old-fashioned well-to-do people attended regularly. In the winter months there was, in addition, a popular Choral Evensong with sermon, and there was always a large congregation. During Lent the Sunday School children and others were catechised every Sunday afternoon in Church. The Sunday Evening Service was, I suppose, rather a recent innovation, but certainly one that proved a great success. Besides our own working-class folks, who mostly attended this and the early Communion Service, there was generally a considerable number of Presbyterians present. Every Christmas Eve I remember one of the leading Established Presbyterian ministers and his daughter were to be seen at S. Paul's—the minister with a large Prayer Book in his hands joining devoutly in the beautiful service. The week-day services were Matins at 10 A.M. (Wednesdays and Fridays, I think, 11 A.M.), and Evening Prayer 7·30 P.M. The Choir Boys attended on Wednesdays and Fridays, and Choir Practice was on Fridays after service. There were celebrations of the Holy Eucharist on Thursday

mornings, and, of course, on Saints' days and other special occasions.

The magnificent position of the Church with its splendid tower gave the idea of a much larger building than it really was. The accommodation for worshippers in the pews was not much over 700. The Choir and Sanctuary had the defect of being crowded on each other, and on entering from the clergy-vestry it was almost necessary to walk on the altar-step. This has been so far remedied in later days by a different arrangement for the entrance and departure of the Clergy and Choir. There was then no side Chapel as now—it was simply an open vestry with a curtain, used by the clergy, the choir vestry being below and reached by a steep stair. There were no altar lights or even candlesticks on the altar—only vases of flowers on the re-table. The *Reredos*, completed sometime before the Bishop's death, was a remarkable feature of the Church. The following description is taken from the Diocesan Magazine of April 1878. "In the autumn of 1867, a handsome Reredos after the design of Sir Gilbert Scott was erected, exhibiting in alabaster, richly adorned with sculpture and inlaid work of different coloured marbles, the features of the celebrated shrine which surmounted the chief picture in the Church of Orsan Michele in Florence. The centre panel behind the altar, which forms the principal feature in the composition, hitherto incomplete, has now been filled up by a work designed by Messrs. Clayton & Bell, and executed in mosaic by Salviati of Venice. It represents Our Lord in glory surrounded by a vesica of Cherubim and Seraphim, while at the base 12 angels with censors and instruments of music are represented in a gold ground in the attitude of worship.

The work is very artistic, and it is impossible to speak in too high terms of the religious spirit in which the subject is treated, reminding one of some of the happiest effects in the early Florentine school. This gift of love to the honour and glory of God certainly adds much to the beauty of an already handsome interior. It will hereafter form a link in the history of revised ecclesiastical art of the present age, and is in every respect a worthy adornment of the principal Church in the Diocese of Brechin."

The preacher (except the Bishop) before the sermon exchanged his surplice for a black gown. This continued to the Bishop's death, when the surplice came into use at the evening service, but when I left Dundee in 1880 the black gown was still worn in the morning.

It was said the Bishop, on coming to Dundee, had made some kind of promise as to the black gown being retained in the pulpit—anyhow, he would not listen to any suggestion of having it given up. I only once saw him in church wearing a black gown. It was a Good Friday, when, to the surprise of everyone, he came into church thus vested, and took his place as usual in the episcopal chair. We never knew the reason of this unusual proceeding, for no one ventured to inquire. I remember a distinguished missionary-priest from South Africa occupied the pulpit, and it was my duty to see him duly vested. He was a very tall, broad-shouldered man, and as the gown rested on him he stretched his arms till it almost cracked, and said, with a smile, "If it were not your Bishop for whom I am to preach no one else would wear that gown again!" On the Sunday before Easter there was a great, and indeed interesting, ceremonial. After Morning and Evening

Service, the Bishop stood at the chancel-step and delivered "tokens" to crowds of intending communicants. This was continued for a short time after his death, but the special charm was gone when there was no longer the Bishop's hand from which to receive the token.

The *S. Paul's Choir* had attained great perfection before I came to Dundee, and was, I suppose, the finest choir in Scotland. This was greatly owing to the enthusiasm of the honorary choir-master, Mr. D. Bower Mitchell, a wealthy young Yorkshireman, and member of a large jute manufacturing firm in the town. He was ably assisted by several others of similar position—one of whom, Mr. Montague Cannon, became an enthusiastic and accomplished Alpine climber. These young fellows would allow nothing to come in the way of attendance at the weekly choir practice. They would leave any social gathering or dinner party, and come off in their evening dress to church at the usual time. Alas! while still quite young, Mitchell lost his life by slipping on the snow close to the summit of Ben More, Crianlarich. An iron cross marks the spot where he fell, and he is commemorated in the church by a large window erected to his memory. Just before he slipped he had been feeding a sheep which had lost its way in the snow. Amongst his belongings at the inn they found a copy of the "Treasury of Devotion," with a mark at the page where there is a prayer for "a happy death." He left a widow and several children. A striking sermon was preached by the Bishop the Sunday after Mr. Mitchell's death. Before leaving this subject of the choir, it ought to be mentioned that in 1873 an association of Church Choirs was formed in Dundee

with the Bishop as President—the first of the kind I imagine in Scotland.

The Dedication of the Church was observed each year on the Sunday after All Saints, and there was usually a special preacher. I think it was on such an occasion or else at the Annual Diocesan Choral Festival that I first heard *Dr. Gore* (now Bishop of Oxford) preach, and his intense earnestness and grasp of his subject made a great impression. *Dean Ramsay* preached in the first year of my Dundee ministry, and I recall yet the sermon he preached on Ruth. He was kind enough to take a liking to me, and asked if I would care to go to Banchory on Deeside which charge happened to be vacant, and he was connected with that part of the country. The offer was flattering and in some ways tempting to an Aberdeenshire man, but nothing could draw me away from Bishop Forbes or S. Paul's. One of the most interesting Dedication Services was when Bishop Callaway, the first Bishop of S. John's, Kaffraria, preached at S. Paul's the day after his Consecration on All Saints' Day in Edinburgh. He came to Dundee and remained for some days as the Bishop's guest. There was a dinner party one evening in his honour at Taybank, the residence of Mr Lingard-Guthrie, and Bishop Callaway was shy about appearing in his new Episcopal garb. Dean Nicolson brought the Bishop of Edinburgh (Dr. Cotterill, who had been Bishop of Grahamston, S. Africa), to assist in overcoming the new bishop's scruples. "Oh yes," said Bishop Cotterill, smiling, "we must appear in all our war-paint for this occasion.'

Spiritual Work.

But the great feature of S. Paul's in those days and after, was the immense amount of spiritual work carried on daily in the Church and out of it with quietness and earnestness. Scarcely a night of the week but the priest on duty had a number of cases waiting for his advice and direction. Sometimes it would be quite late before the last of the men had gone. For men came quite as much as women. Those who came in the late evening were mostly of the working classes. It was wonderful how they opened their hearts' troubles to us, or unburdened their souls of the sin most easily besetting them. They valued the Absolution pronounced in Christ's Name by His priest, though the confessions were frequently of the simplest and most informal nature. Their spiritual friend spoke to them in some quiet corner of the Church, and they knelt down there together and prayed before the talk was finished, but very few outside S. Paul's itself had any idea of the extent of these spiritual ministrations, and their unspeakable value in the salvation of souls. The Bishop himself was a recognised director of souls, and many from far and wide thankfully placed themselves under his care. Macnamara's special gift was with young men. He had an extraordinary way of gaining their affectionate confidence in a very short time. For instance, I recollect how we were struck one Sunday morning at the early Eucharist by the devotion of a sun-burnt, manly-looking young fellow, and asked him to breakfast with us. He was the son of an American bishop, studying for Holy Orders, and carried letters of commendation from his father, and was on a walking tour with a friend. He was with us just

for a few days, but there sprang up a spiritual friendship between him and my colleague, which only ended (as far as this world goes) when Macnamara went to his rest. In due course this young American became a priest of the American Church, and, eventually, head of a religious order, which carried on a great work in New York and elsewhere in the United States. I had a letter from him about a year ago (1910). Macnamara had a "*Men's Class*" and a "*Women's Class*" which met monthly, and proved very helpful. I had charge of the choir boys, and some of them still turn up in the course of my moving about. Only last year I found the gatekeeper of a well-known college claiming me as "a very kind friend when I was one of your choir-boys at S. Paul's, Dundee." And once, in a London 'bus, the conductor, after looking at me very hard, claimed a similar acquaintance.

The Bishop was particularly interested in "*The Confraternity of the Love of Jesus*," for young women communicants under the superintendentship of Sister Margaret Mary, and of which Mr Lingard Guthrie was Chaplain. But Mr. Guthrie wished a younger man to take up the duties, and the Bishop desired me to undertake the office. I accepted tho' with fear and trembling, but the Confraternity became eventually one of the joys of my life. I parted from it, when the time for leaving came, with extreme reluctance. The members met monthly on the Saturday of each month preceding the Sunday morning when they came together to receive the Blessed Sacrament. They wore a white veil and the medal of the Confraternity at the monthly meetings, and at their devotional service an address was given by the Chaplain from the chancel step, and we always sang together the hymn :—

"Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest."

There were some 50 or 60 members.

I noticed a remarkable change for the better amongst the female mill-workers as years went on. At first they were fearfully rough and rude. Their clothes were covered with "fluff" from the jute, and it was their delight to push themselves against some nicely dressed lady and leave the fluff on her dress. But gradually things improved, and I always thought the influence of the Church girls had something to do with their better manners. Certainly the influence of the Sisters when they came to us, soon made itself felt amongst the women and girls of our congregation —and indeed amongst men as well. To meet the case of mill girls and others like them who were not communicants or unprepared for the rule of life required by the Confraternity, I started a Monthly Devotional Meeting called "The Girls' Class," which soon became very popular and successful amongst them. We met at the west end of the Church, and the only rule was regular attendance. Some of the Confraternity members attended to assist, and Sister Margaret Mary helped me in this work also, and was always present at our meetings. The members numbered over 150, and I still possess the Roll Book.

S. Mary's Sisterhood.

The Sisterhood of S. Mary's in King Street was not regularly established until six months after I had been in Dundee. We had a splendid Mission-Woman who belonged to London and had worked under the Dean of S. Paul's, and Miss Gregory,

when the Dean was at Lambeth, and there were some excellent hard-working lady district-visitors. But the coming of the Sisters helped to organise the work amongst the people, as was not possible before. The House in King Street already belonged to Mrs. Bolland, a wealthy devout English widow, who, along with Miss Neish, went to be trained at All Saints' Sisterhood, Margaret Street, London. Mrs. Bolland became Foundress and Mother-Superior of the Scotch Sisterhood, while Miss Neish as "Sister Margaret Mary" became Assistant-Superior. She was one of the best of women, a true Scotch woman, at once devout, sober-minded, full of practical common sense, possessed with a happy gift of humour, and beloved by every one. The Sisters took a share in the district work of all our Dundee Churches, and assisted in every possible way, especially in nursing the sick and attending to difficult cases. At first, regarded with some suspicion, and as savouring of Roman Catholicism, they were soon welcomed everywhere in the town, and held in the highest esteem. A beautiful, yet simple chapel, designed by Mr. Street, was added to their House, and became a centre of rest and devotion to the inmates and others. Before the Sisters had a chaplain of their own, it was my privilege to celebrate the Holy Eucharist at mid-night on Christmas. I have never since felt the same wonderful nearness to the mystery of the Sacred Birth as in the chapel of S. Mary's on these occasions. With the sanction of the Bishop the Reserved Sacrament was kept in a tabernacle on the north side of the Sanctuary, so that at any moment the sick or dying might receive the Holy Viaticum. I recall an occasion when there was just time to hurry to the chapel for the Blessed Sacrament, and to

communicate a dying man who had been fatally crushed in a sudden accident. He died almost immediately after receiving his Saviour with faith and thankfulness.

Confirmations at S. Paul's.

To witness the Bishop administering the Sacred Rite of Confirmation was a striking sight. All the Dundee candidates used to assemble at S. Paul's, where the Bishop laid his hands on each of the kneeling candidates. Unlike the custom which now prevails, and is supposed to be more correct, the Bishop *stood* while confirming, both look and voice conveying the sense of his own soul being filled with that inspiring Spirit of Promise, whose blessing and strengthening gift he was imparting to his children and people. One of the delightful events at the annual Confirmation before Easter was to see the Bishop dining with the little sailor lads from the "Mars" Training Ship, which lay in the middle of the Tay not far from Newport in Fife. The preparation of our Church boys in the ship for Confirmation and First Communion was a part of my appointed duties dearly loved. I visited the boys on Friday of each week for instruction and a short religious service. One of the R.C. Clergy accompanied me on these occasions to hold a similar service for the boys of their Communion. We crossed the river by Ferry Steamer, walked up the Fife side about a mile, and then a ship's boat manned by the boys conveyed us to the "Mars." The boys were only allowed to come to Church once a year, so the custom was for those who had been confirmed the previous year to make their First Communion on the Sunday morning of the Confir-

mation—the Confirmation taking place in the afternoon. Thus there might be some 20 or 30 boys prepared for Confirmation or First Communion. After morning service all met in the Bishop's house, and were received by him in the dining-room, where a plentiful meal of roast-beef and plum-pudding and other delicacies awaited them. The Bishop carved at one end of the table, while I performed the same duty at the other end. The gathering was a charming sight, and the boys could never forget that visit to the Bishop or their Confirmation day. Before returning to the Church the boys to be confirmed laid aside their blue jackets and appeared in white. At that time there was no Episcopal Church at Newport, and I had to look after the families of the officers connected with the ship, as well as the other Church folk who resided in Newport or the neighbourhood. There has now, for a considerable time, been a Church and resident clergyman at Newport, which is on the Fife side of the river, and in the diocese of St. Andrews. The Church boys of the Training Ship are therefore now under the spiritual care of the Rector of Newport. Amongst other cherished possessions is a handsome copy of the "Priest's Prayer Book" with the inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. George Grub, on his leaving S. Paul's Episcopal Church, Dundee, by the wives of the officers of the 'Mars' Training Ship, with best wishes. Newport, July, 1881."

Educational Work.

A word may be said here regarding the educational work. There was an excellent *Day School* situated in the Seagate, most convenient for the population round the Church. The school was under

the fostering care of the Rev. R. Lingard-Guthrie, and Mrs. Lingard-Guthrie also took considerable interest in it. There was, besides, a *Night School*, a very necessary addition to the Day School, and an immense amount of real hard work was carried on in this way. The boys were a very rough lot, and needed strict and firm discipline. We were fortunate in our Night School master and mistress—both most capable, able to keep things going, and good church folk. The religious instruction was given by one of the clergy. At first I found the duty most trying—the boys were up to all kinds of tricks, and ready enough to make things uncomfortable for a young curate. On some occasions I had to take charge of the secular as well as religious instruction, and one night the pupils were overcome by an epidemic of sneezing, caused by a mixture thrown into the school by some rascals I had been compelled to eject. Another time, I was stoned coming out of school, but the police were informed, and in future there was no further trouble, and the work became more and more interesting. But many a night my heart used to sink as I left a comfortable fireside and my books for the noise and strain of the school. The *Sunday School* was held in the same place—the senior class of girls being known as the "Bishop's Class," with an arm-chair for the teacher, who was always one of the clergy—and the Bishop sometimes looked in. When he did happen to come and occupy the chair himself, you may be sure that was a "red-letter day" for the pupils. The annual summer treat for Day School and Sunday School, mostly held in the grounds of Taybank House, and given by Mr. and Mrs. Lingard-Guthrie was always a happy affair—sisters, clergy, and teachers enjoying themselves almost as much as the children.

CHAPTER V.

THE BISHOP AS PREACHER, SCHOLAR, AND TRAVELLER.

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Bishop's Consecration.

IT was my privilege to be one of those present at the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Bishop's Consecration and coming to Dundee, which was observed on 28th October, 1872. The Bishop was entertained to luncheon in the Albert Hall, and was presented with an address and a beautiful pastoral staff for his use and that of his successors. But the latter not being ready a design was handed to the Bishop, and the staff was actually given in April, 1874, by the Dean of Brechin, D. Small, Esq., and John Don, Esq., as representing the Committee, without any ceremonial in accordance with the Bishop's desire. It was designed by Mr. G. F. Bodley, Architect, London. The material is of ivory, with rich silver mountings, the boss being silver gilt of the most exquisite description. In one of its panels an angel holds the arms of the diocese. The crowning beauty, however, of the staff is displayed in the crook, studded with jewels on both sides and richly croketted. In the centre of the crook is the Annunciation, the figures in which are of a particularly chaste and devotional character. At the Albert Hall meeting, Lord Kinnaird, who presided, made reference to the remarkable change which had come over the

Episcopal Church in Dundee, and over the town itself since Bishop Forbes' coming amongst them. He spoke of the interest taken by him in all the public institutions of the place, and said "the working men have not forgotten and never will forget the time when the Bishop, aided by his small band of clergy, was foremost in the personal visitation of cholera-stricken houses providing temporal and spiritual comfort to the sufferers." The Bishop, in his reply, referred to his love for Dundee and his interest in all concerning it. Speaking of our Church in Scotland, he said it had "a magnificent future before it." He felt " that without any undue or unfair proselytising by the very force of the truth itself, our system is becoming emphatically expansive, and it is bringing to Scotland blessings, and the day will come when Scotland will be thankful for them." He was happy to say he had been "25 years in Dundee and never had a single collision or a single controversy with a minister of any denomination." A copy of the account of the proceedings printed at the time in the Dundee papers is before me, and some extracts from the editorial remarks will help to show the high estimation in which the Bishop was held not only by those of his own Church but by the community at large:—"It is not often even in Scotland that it falls to the lot of a Christian minister to receive such public and honourable recognition for his work's sake as that which has just been accorded to the Bishop of Brechin on the completion of his 25th anniversary of his consecration. The citizens of Dundee, generally, to whatever religious denomination belonging, had entire sympathy with a demonstration which recognised the good Christian work that has during these 25 years been done among

them by one who enjoys their profound respect. Apart altogether from his connection with the Church of which he is a distinguished minister, it is right and proper that citizens should in some way recognise such disinterested labours amongst the poor and destitute, the sick and forlorn of their community, as those which Bishop Forbes daily undertakes in behalf of the poor in Dundee." After a kindly and generous description of the Scottish Episcopal Church as a branch of the old Church of Scotland, and of Episcopacy as the dominant form which religion assumed nearly 200 years ago in nearly the whole of Scotland north of the Tay, the Editor went on to say :—"That Church has but asserted its position as a part of the old Church of Scotland, and its preservation through the darkness, almost the persecutions of the eighteenth century, is perhaps significant that it may yet not be without influence upon that re-edification of the broken fragmentary Church of Scotland to which so many persons are looking forward, and for which many are labouring. Certainly, of any success which has attended Scottish Episcopacy in Dundee, whether as represented by its increased number of churches, including the magnificent church of S. Paul, or by the increase in its membership, no other Churches need be jealous. It is a success which, humanly speaking, has in a large measure been brought about by the apostolic zeal of the Right Reverend Prelate to whom the clergy and laity of his diocese have just shown their delight in doing honour."

Retreats with Bishop Forbes.

Canon Mackey, in his Memoir of Bishop Forbes,

mentions that he attended the first "Retreat," properly so called, for clergy of the Anglican Church held at Chislehurst in July, 1858, through the kindness of Mr. Murray. The conductor was Father Benson. A second Retreat in the same place in the following year was taken by Mr. Carter, of Clewer, and the Bishop with some 12 others, including the Revs. C. F. Lowder and A. H. Mackonachie, was again present. In 1869, the Bishop held a Retreat in Dundee for the clergy of his diocese, basing his addresses on his remembrance of those heard in Chislehurst. They were printed for private circulation, and a copy given by Dean Nicolson now lies before me. My own first Retreat in 1872 or 1873 was made in company with the Bishop, and we travelled by the old route before the Tay Bridge was built, viz., by Tayport and Burntisland across the Forth to Edinburgh. The Retreat was held at Greenhill House, the residence of Mr. Haldane-Chinnery (afterwards Bishop Chinnery-Haldane of Argyll and the Isles), then acting as honorary curate of All Saints', Edinburgh. The House with its private grounds, on the outskirts of the city, and with its chapel was admirably suited for the purpose. The conductor was Father Benson, Superior of the Society of S. John's, Cowley, Oxford. It was the first of a good many Retreats I attended given by the Rev. Father. The impression of that first Retreat was deep and lasting—only equalled, I think, by one under the same conductor after the Bishop's death when I was in much perplexity as to my future, and had some drawings to the Brotherhood life. Father Benson had the gift of lifting one up into a spiritual atmosphere of faith and light and hope, so that one quite forgot the worries and perplexities of everyday life.

The arrangements for our comfort and quiet at Greenhill House were beyond all praise. If they erred it was on the side of over much comfort. Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery and her family gave the house up almost entirely to us, and were never seen or heard till the Retreat was over. I recollect the Bishop in the Ferry steamer as we crossed the Firth of Forth on the way home suggesting that we should send a letter of thanks to Mrs. Haldane-Chinnery for her great kindness and hospitality. From that time this old-fashioned courtesy became a rule never to be neglected. In February, 1874, I was once more in Retreat at Greenhill House when the Bishop was Conductor, and I venture to give the brief account of it taken from a little diary of that date:—"Tuesday, 10th February. Leave for Edinburgh travelling from Perth with Canon Humble and Mr. Comper. 7 P.M. Meet at Greenhill House. In Retreat—Mr. Haldane-Chinnery, Provost Cazenove, Canon Humble, Revs. J. Comper (Aberdeen), W. Stephen (Dumbarton), T. Williams (Glasgow), Beale (Glamis Castle), Cranbrook, Bingham, C. E. Bowden (Edinburgh), Rankin (Deer), afterwards Dean of Aberdeen, myself. Bishop of Brechin, Conductor. Retreat lasted until Friday, 13. The Ignatian method followed by Bishop, a subject placed before our thoughts at each address, and acts in connection with each point in meditation made during address. Bishop wore purple biretta and surplice with stole. Before address, the *Veni Creator* was sung and a Collect said. After address the *Anima Christi* repeated by all. The Bishop then left, and we remained in the Chapel for meditation. During "free time" we were at liberty to leave Chapel and go to drawing-room. During "recreation" in the afternoon we might go outside

in the grounds and even beyond for exercise. Besides Matins and Evensong, Sext, Nones, Vespers and Compline were said. Mr. Chinnery-Haldane acted as Chaplain, and celebrated each morning—white vestments were used, candles lighted, and Scotch Office. The arrangements for meals in the house were most excellent. Strict silence was observed. During meals we read aloud in turn from the *Memoriale Sacerdotalis*. The Creation; Mystery of Sin; the Love of God; Helps to Everlasting Life; Abuse of God's Grace; formed chief subjects of addresses. The final address was most beautiful, bearing practically on the priestly state with special reference to our own position, and pointing out causes for hope amidst many difficulties. The Retreat was very pleasant, quiet and comforting. Laus Deo! . . . 13th February.—Retreat ended. Made Mr. Williams acquaintance (we had felt drawn to each other in the silence of Retreat) and visited with him All Saint's Church, S. John's, S. Columbas, and the site of new Cathedral. 1·30 p.m.—Return home *via* Burntisland with the Bishop." The routine of Retreat as here described is now happily a familiar thing, but it may be of interest to see this description, written on the spot, of one of the earlier Retreats in Scotland.

The Bishop as Preacher.

The Bishop's gifts as a preacher were widely recognised and valued in England as well as Scotland. A number of his discourses appeared in small published volumes—*e.g.*, "Are you being Converted?" "On the Grace of God." Some remarkable sermons were delivered on such special occasions as the consecration of churches at

Jedburgh; S. Columba's, Edinburgh; S. John's, New Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire. On this last occasion I was (while still in my Diaconate) with the Bishop, the Incumbent, Rev. William Webster (afterwards Dean of Aberdeen), being my uncle. New Pitsligo is only a long, straggling village, four miles from the nearest railway station, in a rather bleak part of Buchan; but my uncle had made the Church a great strength in the place, and through his unceasing labours the old rather plain church was replaced by a beautiful devotional structure from plans designed by Mr. Street. The Bishop was present not only as a friend of Dean Webster's (who had at one time been Incumbent of Drumlithie, in the Diocese of Brechin), but because of his family connection with the place, which belonged to Sir John Stuart Forbes, Bart., of Fettercairn and Pitsligo, and was associated with Lord Forbes of Pitsligo, the Jacobite laird and Churchman already referred to in these pages. The Bishop, my father, and myself were guests at the Parsonage, and a very happy party was gathered under its hospitable roof. As a schoolboy I had spent many holidays at New Pitsligo, and almost everything in the place was a familiar and well-remembered object. The Bishop and my father were telling particularly delightful stories and quite enjoying themselves. The Bishop seemed to lay aside for a brief time the weight of care, and to unbend in the country Parsonage and the home of his Jacobite ancestor in a way I had not observed before. At night my father was having a modest "night-cap" of toddy, and "on this occasion" he said "I must have an *eke*." The Bishop was eager to know the exact meaning of the word, and was amused by my father's explaining that it signified not only a short additional

supply of whisky, but also additions of hot water and spirits of an indefinite and undefined nature. I can see him laughing and hear his jocular remark when my father had finished—"Will you not take just one more eke?"

The Bishop's influence as preacher was greatly enhanced by his striking presence and spiritual force. He preached to you by his look and attitude, even when his voice, lowered at impressive moments, failed to reach the listener. He was a scholarly preacher, and fond of using long and rather unusual words; yet, somehow, everyone was interested and instructed. Dean Nicolson used to tell how on one occasion Charles Kingsley unexpectedly asked the Bishop to preach for him. The sermon was deeply theological, bearing on some of the cardinal dogmas of Christian Faith. Kingsley's remark was, "Now *that was a sermon* full of real theology and Christian truth!" While at home he generally preached on Sunday mornings at S. Paul's, and we all regarded him as our preacher, and felt able to devote ourselves more unreservedly to the unceasing claims of parochial visitation and ministration. Sometimes he would undertake to relieve us of the afternoon discourse when the congregation was not numerous. Often on such occasions I have known him half-an-hour or so before the service take down a volume of Carter or Pusey, and after reading over one of the sermons, deliver it in church in his own words. Some of the preachments we enjoyed most were those delivered of an evening at S. Mary Magdalene's or S. Salvador's, where I often accompanied him. The Bishop let himself out on these occasions, and preached with tremendous earnestness and evangelical fervour. Once at S. Salvador's I was seated at the foot of the pulpit

stairs, when, in the course of a perfervid sentence, he swept his watch right off the pulpit into the middle of the centre aisle. He never troubled even to look where it had gone, and no one thought of moving. Strange to say the watch was picked up afterwards without having sustained the slightest injury. Not long before his death he preached to us at S. Paul's from the original manuscripts of his published sermons on "Grace," but with such unction that everyone was charmed. After one of these sermons some strangers who had never before heard him preach stopped behind to speak to him on the subject he had brought so freshly before them.

As a Man of Letters and Theologian.

One of the wonderful things about Bishop Forbes was the time he contrived to give, amidst his unceasing pastoral duties and private correspondence, to literary work and theological studies. You rarely entered his room without finding evidence of his latest studies scattered on the table or chairs. Mention need only be made of some of those works still valued and remembered, such as "The Nicene Creed"; the "Treatise on the Thirty-Nine Articles"; the "Kalendar of Scottish Saints"; "Remains of Arthur Hadden"; and along with his brother, the learned Rev. G. H. Forbes, he wrote the Preface to the "Arbuthnot Missal." But these only form part of the numerous books he wrote or edited.

As Traveller.

The Bishop was a great traveller. The state of his health, and the way in which while in Dundee he devoted himself to pastoral work and ministration,

told severely on his sensitive nature, allied though it was to a vigorous and striking physique. Yet he was no globe-trotter. Rather he sought in continental travel that refreshment of mind and spirit which is derived from a complete change of the usual surroundings and every-day life at home; and he had many friends who welcomed his coming to them in France, Germany, and Italy. In Germany there was Dr. Döllinger, between whom and himself there was a special friendship and spiritual agreement which continued to the last. The Bishop frequently visited Döllinger at Munich, and thus referred to one of these visits in a letter written from Nuremberg, after I had entered on my Dundee curacy:—"My last (letter) was from Munich, where I had a most pleasant and satisfactory visit. My soul is filled with admiration for that fine old man (Döllinger), fighting his battle so bravely against the strong forces allied against him, It is something in these soft days to see a man of 74 with such a trust in truth and right." At Nuremberg the Bishop became seriously ill, and Dean Nicolson was telegraphed for, and we were all in a state of much anxiety. But the Dean found him on the way of recovery, and soon relieved our minds by reassuring messages. The Bishop's sympathy with the famous Munich professor extended itself to the whole old Catholic movement in the Roman Church, after the promulgation of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. That dogma he regarded not only as erroneous in itself, but as a serious, indeed fatal, hindrance to the restoration of Catholic unity. He was sympathetically interested in the movement almost to his latest hour. Unable to attend his Diocesan Synod, he yet heard with intense satisfaction, a few days before his death,

that a resolution had been passed expressive of sympathy with the Conference of Old Catholics which had recently been held at Bonn.

Before passing from the subject of the Bishop's travels, reference must be made to what may be regarded as the most memorable result of his interest in Italian scholarship and venerable seats of learning. It was mainly owing to his exertions that the famous *Monastery of Monte Cassino*, with its splendid library, was spared when threatened with destruction as a Religious Institution by the Italian Government. Through his influence with Mr. Gladstone and Lord Clarendon, Monte Cassino was saved. The Abbot and Brethren, in token of their profound thankfulness, presented him with a copy of their magnificent edition of Dante, on which was written an inscription of grateful remembrance. The gift was highly valued by the Bishop, who often refreshed himself after a weary working day of visitation with portions of the "Paradiso" or "Inferno." Both he and his sister, Miss Elizabeth Forbes, who frequently visited him, were excellent Italian scholars. It was in 1866, some years before I came to the Bishop that he paid that intensely interesting visit to Monte Cassino, of which he gave a lengthy and charming description in the *Guardian*, which was afterwards reproduced in full by his brother, Mr. Forbes, of Medwyn, in the *Scottish Church Review* (vol. ii., p. 248, Aberdeen, 1885); and it is also given in Canon Mackey's Life of the Bishop. One is greatly tempted to reproduce the account once again in these pages for the sake of those who have not had the good fortune to read its vivid account of the Monastry both as regards past and modern history, but space does not permit.

Besides his continental visits, the Bishop spent many happy days with friends in England, such as Dr. Pusey, Christ Church, Oxford, who regarded him as a son, and many other dear friends. During his absence from home in search of restored health or for rest, the following prayer was, by special desire, offered on his behalf in the Dundee Churches and elsewhere throughout the diocese :—

"Almighty God, the Giver of all good things, Who, by Thy Divine Providence, hast appointed divers orders in Thy Church, mercifully look upon Thy servant, Alexander, the Bishop of this Diocese; visit him, O Lord, with Thy salvation; shield and protect him in all the changes and chances of this mortal life; restore him to health and strength; and so replenish him with the truth of Thy doctrine, and indue him with innocency of life, that he may faithfully serve before Thee, to the glory of Thy great Name, and the edifying and well-governing of Thy Holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen."

This brief mention of the Bishop's foreign journeys brings to my memory his thoughtful remembrance of his clergy at S. Paul's. He seldom returned without bringing to us some token that we had been in his heart and prayers. I value in particular a copy of Guido's Ecce Homo, brought to me from Florence, and a beautifully bound volume of "Davison on Prophecy" (with an affectionate and too kind inscription), given to me in June of the year before he died.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BISHOP'S SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

"A BISHOP should be given to hospitality," and without doubt this was true of our diocesan. His house was ever open to his clergy and personal friends. His private means were amply sufficient to have enabled him to keep up the outward style and dignity of a prince in the Church, but he preferred to live in the simplest possible manner and to give all he possessed to the Church and Christ's poor. Even his stipend as Incumbent of S. Paul's went back to the Church, or helped to supplement the stipends of S. Paul's clerical staff. I believe during his lifetime the Vestry of S. Paul's received rent for the house which on his death became the Clergy House. The episcopal household consisted of Dean Nicolson, who resided with him, and two female servants—a cook-housekeeper and a maid. The Dean, as Chaplain, arranged household affairs. Castlehill House, as already indicated, was at all times open to the clergy, and in particular to those of us at S. Paul's. In fact much of my time was spent under the Bishop's roof —the Dean's study being a kind of common room from early morning till late at night. Even when the Bishop was busy with literary work we were welcome. Once, on entering his room, near the end of his episcopate, I found him full of work, and apologised for interrupting at such a time. He looked up smiling, and, beckoning me to sit down, said, in his gracious

way, "You never disturb me." That equanimity was a gift even Pere Lacordaire possessed only after much discipline, for the great preacher disliked being disturbed when he was alone, and felt inwardly irritated, while outwardly unmoved. When distinguished friends came to visit the Bishop, he seldom could put them up in his own house, with its limited accommodation, but they were his guests at the hotel which adjoined the Church, and they dined with the Bishop.

Dr. John Mason Neale.

Although quite outside the years with which these recollections are concerned, I cannot refrain from referring to a delightful description of a visit to the Bishop in Dundee by Dr. Neale in 1855, as given in the volume of letters published by his daughter. The account, in some respects, corroborates the conditions of things as I found them in Dundee nearly 20 years later:—"I came at a very opportune time. The Bishop has two congregations here, though, at the present moment, they meet in one church, owing to the other having been rebuilt. There are, therefore, four services there, and the curate was called off by the sickness of one of the parish priests near. At 9·30—it was pouring—I took the first service, Morning Prayers down to the Litany, and Holy Communion. Then the Bishop came to the second service at half-past eleven, and I went home, by his desire, and wrote a sermon, and went up again by three. That service I said; and preached from "Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now?" Then he took me to his new church—on the whole, except All Saints, the finest modern church I ever saw—then we dined, and then to the school. The first class, of the mill

girls, was quite a new phase of things to me. They are from eighteen to twenty-five. He asked me to talk to them, but, as you may imagine, I made him do so, and very well he did it. He was speaking to them from the Gospel, on our Lord's having taken our nature upon Him, and their bodies being the temples of the Holy Ghost, and I cannot imagine anyone's speaking more home and to the point, and yet with so much delicacy, as he did. Then we went to see a man who had committed murder, and was in gaol; and then we went to the fourth service. The Curate by this time was come back. It was Choral Service, and the boys certainly gave the Gregorians uncommonly well. The Church was *crammed* with poor. I was to preach extempore, and when I got up into the pulpit and saw that sea of faces, I felt quite overcome. I preached from 'Take unto you the whole armour of God,' etc., and to be sure, they were so very attentive. It was such a long sermon: nearly half-an-hour. Then we went to the evening school. So back to tea, and then the Bishop could only lie on the sofa, and do nothing else. This morning we went to the school again, and then to the hospital. There are eight wards, each containing twenty beds; a day and night nurse to each; but nothing answering to the Sisters at Westminster. There is no chaplain. The ministers of the establishment never go near, the Roman priests are only allowed to visit their own people, so that the whole comes on the Bishop. Then we went to a model lodging-house for the mill girls, of which the Bishop seemed very proud. By what I hear the state of the mills here is perfectly frightful, bad beyond any badness that you could conceive, and this is an effort to mend the evil." Later on Dr. Neale

visited Aberdeen, and as a boy I remember the interest with which everyone listened to his preaching in the Church of S. John the Evangelist. He told the story of the devil disguising himself as a monk, and how he was detected; and at that exciting moment of the discourse someone's stick or umbrella fell with a crash to the floor, to the alarm of the whole congregation! In the same volume of Dr. Neale's Letters there is an account of a tour in Portugal in 1853, where his companions were Bishop Forbes, Canon Jenner—afterwards Bishop of Dunedin—and J. H. Rogers, M.D. Miss Neale says, "They must have been a noticeable party, for the Warden of Sackville College was the shortest of the four in stature, and he was only just under six feet."

Mr. Beresford-Hope.

I recollect Mr. Beresford-Hope, with Lady Mildred and their two daughters, coming to Dundee as the Bishop's guests. One evening I was invited to meet the party, and at dinner found myself beside the distinguished man of whom I had heard so much. Alas! when the ladies retired, Mr. Beresford-Hope fell fast asleep. The Bishop, seeing my disappointment, observed, "He always goes to sleep after dinner; it will be all right when we go to the drawing-room." The drawing-room, I may say, adjoined the dining-room, and was a rather small, narrow room, not very frequently in use. The Bishop's own room or study on the upper floor was decidedly the most comfortable in the house, with books all round the walls and many things of interest in it. The look-out was certainly rather cheerless—a little grass

plot connecting house and Church, and, opposite, the walls of a manufactory of some kind—now occupied by the Church School built in Canon Gough's time. The Bishop's bedroom was at the other end of the passage furthest from the study. It looked out on the tower of S. Paul's and the space facing the Church. In that simple room, with its one window, the good prelate passed away to his rest. To my delight this room of sacred memories was assigned to me when Mr. Macnamara and myself came to reside at Castlehill House. Strangely enough, three or four years later I lay there in the same room for two months, struck down with typhoid fever, just reaching the gate of the other world, and then, in God's wisdom brought slowly back again to this world's life and work. The same good sister of S. Mary's, who had been with the Bishop when he passed away, nursed me with motherly care by day and night, and I had the same skilful physician, Dr. Maclagan, a specialist in typhoid fever, afterwards settled in London, and Physician to the Princess Christian.

Canon Liddon.

Once when Canon Liddon was staying at Glamis Castle, with the Earl of Strathmore, he came to visit S. Paul's, and to pray beside the Bishop's resting-place in the midst of the choir. I took him to the house to see the room where the Bishop died. I saw he wished to be alone, and as I softly closed the door he was already on his knees. Afterwards I sent him a large photo of the recumbent marble figure of the Bishop in S. Paul's, and he told me it held a valued place in his residence at Amen-Corner. This leads me to recall how in my early

Dundee days I first met the famous preacher while he was on a brief visit to Bishop Forbes. It was a Thursday morning, and my turn to celebrate the Holy Eucharist. The first sight I had of that beautiful face was when he knelt with simple loving reverence to receive from my unworthy hands the Blessed Sacrament of Our Saviour's Body and Blood. Then we met at breakfast, and he was kindness itself to the eager youthful priest seated at his side. On another occasion, I was with him and the Bishop under the same roof, but it was under the dome of S. Paul's in London, on a Sunday afternoon in May, when Liddon, as Canon in Residence, was preaching, and we were amongst his hearers. The Bishop had just returned from a holiday abroad, and passed with his brother, Mr. Forbes of Medwyn, quite near where I was seated, without knowing I was in London at the time.

One other feature of the Bishop's house remains to be mentioned. At the top, little known to most people, there was a room fitted up with stern simplicity as a chapel. There the Holy Eucharist was occasionally celebrated, and the chapel was indeed chiefly used by the Bishop. The family prayers, morning and night, were said in the Dean's room or in the dining-room. Outside the Church, when the Bishop was in residence, there was generally a spectacle which greatly interested those unfamiliar with it. The long flight of steps leading from the street to the porch was lined with poor people and petitioners of every description and denomination. The scene more resembled that around some foreign cathedral than what is usual with us. And no one was uncared for or unnoticed by the over kind and generous prelate.

Often we knew the recipients of his favour to be most unworthy, but there was no holding him back. I recall an amusing scene. Dean Nicolson had observed a man, on receiving a silver coin from the Bishop, proceed immediately without attempt at concealment to the public house opposite called "The Cross Keys." The Dean, in a state of wrath, dashed after the man, and just as he was raising a glass of whisky to his lips, seized the money and left the man, with the liquor still untouched, in a perfect state of bewilderment.

Visits by the Bishop's kinsfolk.

Amongst the Bishop's relations the most frequent visitors in my days were his sister, Miss Elizabeth Forbes, from Edinburgh (already mentioned), and a favourite niece, Miss Louisa Forbes, daughter of Mr. William Forbes, and afterwards married to Sir James Fergusson of Spitalhaugh. He was also much attached to his other nieces, Lady Glasgow and Lady Mar and Killie. His elder sister, with whom Miss Elizabeth lived, was not often at Dundee. I used to call on the ladies at Shandwick Place when anything led me to Edinburgh. Miss Elizabeth took great interest in S. Paul's, and her brother's work in Dundee and the Diocese. He sent her one Sunday afternoon to witness a big Baptism. I was the officiating clergyman for the month, and it was the largest christening I had taken. There were at least 30 children of all ages, from infants of a few days or weeks to children of 10. One sturdy little fellow of five escaped from his guardians, and was only captured at the chancel step! Miss Forbes told me afterwards she had never witnessed such a scene before. One

baptism which tried my gravity sorely was when I had to christen a child whose parents belonged to a travelling circus, and the god-father was the chief clown. In order to keep the child quiet, and without the slightest thought of irreverence, he made the most grotesque and absurd faces. What added to the distraction was that, at the same time, Macnamara was marrying a couple in the Chancel.

Another pretty regular visitor was Lord Forbes, and the Bishop used to refer to him as "My chief." The late Earl of Glasgow and Lady Glasgow were also amongst those who came to see the Bishop from time to time.

While, as has been said, Castlehill House was open freely to his clergy and friends, the Bishop did not "entertain" in the ordinary sense of the word. He did not give dinner parties, nor did he accept invitations from the town's people. Occasionally, he had a few people to luncheon, that was all. He was fond of long walks, especially in out-of-the-way roads across country. Once he took me to Baldovan on a visit to Sir John Ogilvie's family, walking from Dundee to Lochee, and then along the railway line and over fields to the house. His delight was to get over stiles, hedges, and that sort of thing. Dean Hatt told me how the Bishop on one occasion got himself into difficulties near Muchalls in negotiating a rather awkward ditch, and the Dean was thankful when he saw his diocesan safely on the other side. The Imbecile Asylum and Orphanage at Baldovan were of special interest to him. He entrusted me with the preparation for Confirmation of the children of the Orphanage, who walked to Church every Sunday morning in their little red cloaks when weather permitted. They used to come once a week

to me in the lower, or "ladies' vestry," as it was sometimes called, near the west entrance of the Church. Dean Hatt, who, as Diocesan Inspector, examined them once a year, was a great favourite with the children, as, after the examination, he had them supplied liberally with sweet-meats. The Orphanage was under the patronage and care of the Misses Ogilvie of Baldovan.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS IN AND AROUND DUNDEE.

AMONGST the Bishop's more particular friends in Dundee might be mentioned Mr. David Small, whose residence was in the country, not far from Invergowrie. He was one of the principal lawyers in Dundee, and the leading member of S. Paul's Vestry or Managers. The Bishop placed great reliance on his judgment, and consulted him frequently on important matters. One of his daughters became the wife of Lord Johnstone, Edinburgh. I remember, soon after coming to Dundee, being in Reform Street with the Bishop, and meeting Mr. Small, and being introduced to him. After he left us the Bishop said, "Now that is a man on whose judgment and wisdom you may always rely."

With the Ogilvies of Baldovan the Bishop was, of course, on very friendly terms. Sir John attended S. Paul's most regularly with his daughters, the Misses Ogilvie, and his son, Mr. Harry, afterwards Mr. Hamilton Ogilvie of Biel. Near them resided two delightful elderly ladies of the old school, traditionally devoted to our Scottish Church, and full of shrewd common sense—the Misses Guthrie of Guthrie. Their only brother, Captain Guthrie, resided with them, but he was in poor health, painfully shy, and usually kept out of sight while visitors were in the house. Many a happy visit

I paid the dear ladies when I could get a day off, either lunching or having tea with them. The friendship between us lasted while they lived. Later on they came to reside in Dundee near the Tay Bridge, and, after the Bishop's death, they clung to me as having been so much associated with him. When the Captain fell seriously ill, shy though he was, to his sisters' delight, and indeed surprise, he accepted my ministrations gladly, and I Communicated him not long before his death. At the end of the service, Miss Guthrie asked me to give her brother the Benediction, with "laying on of hands." We laid his body to rest in the old family burying-place at Guthrie. When I left Dundee Miss Guthrie gave me her brother's writing-table, and it has found a place in my study ever since—at Stonehaven, Ayr, Perth, and now at Dunmore.

Lord and Lady Kinnaird and Rossie Priory.

Reference has already been made to Lord and Lady Kinnaird. I had not been long in Dundee before I heard on all sides, especially amongst the poor, the praises of the Honourable Mrs. Ogilvie. She was the only daughter and surviving child of Lord and Lady Kinnaird, whose charming residence, Rossie Priory, lay in the Carse of Gowrie, some 12 miles or so from Dundee. Their daughter was the wife of Mr. Reginald Ogilvie (later Sir Reginald), eldest son of Sir John Ogilvie, Bart., of Baldovan, near Dundee. Alas! within six months of my ordination she was called to her rest, leaving behind a sorrowing husband and a family of several boys and one girl. The funeral from the Chapel to the old Kirkyard of Rossie was one of the first of the kind I

had attended, and left a vivid recollection on my mind. The memory still remains of the long procession, preceded by the clergy and choir, wending its way along the south front of the Priory and the Cedar Terrace to the Churchyard, surrounded by trees, and placed on a knoll commanding the entrance to Rossie Den. The village of Rossie had been deserted for years, only the ancient Cross remaining. The little Church, no longer used for public worship, had been restored some years previously by Lord Kinnaird, and contained beautiful memorial recumbent figures in marble of their boys, who died while quite young. I did not imagine then how, before long, Lord and Lady Kinnaird were to be numbered amongst the best and kindest of friends, nor could I foresee the many happy restful hours to be spent with them at the Priory. They were both deeply attached to our Scottish Church and Bishop Forbes, as well as, later on, to his successor, Bishop Jermyn (Primus in succession to Bishop Eden). Their kind-heartedness to the poor, and to all in suffering or sorrow, must still be treasured in grateful hearts. Lady Kinnaird was always eager to secure a few weeks' rest and change near the Priory for any of our Dundee invalids. All summer there was a succession of people going from the town to the country, where all their needs were carefully provided for. I never knew any place of the kind where one could be more perfectly at home than Rossie Priory. Apart from out-door pursuits, there was much to occupy one's attention within the house itself. The long corridor was full of things brought from Pompei and other parts of Italy. There was an excellent library and plenty of modern books. At the Priory one met interesting people. I recall now, amongst others,

Bishop Mackarness of Argyll and the Isles (brother to Bishop Mackarness of Oxford). The Bishop invited me to accompany him on one of his visitation tours through his diocese, but, unfortunately, I never managed this. But at the services in connection with the Consecration of the Cathedral of the Isles at Cumbrae, I had the happiness of acting as his chaplain. Another notable ecclesiastical guest was Canon Maccoll of Ripon—an old friend who, while in temporary charge of S. John's, Aberdeen (in the days of the Rev. Patrick Cheyne's sufferings for Eucharistic teaching), used to visit my father's house regularly on Thursday evenings to read the *Guardian* newspaper. We last met when he and Mrs. Maccoll called at S. Ninian's House, Perth, while I was Provost of the Cathedral.

Lord Kinnaird was fond of outdoor life, and nearly all day he would be trudging about the estate and neighbourhood until late—scarcely ever thinking of lunch, but returning for dinner well-tired and hungry. No wonder if sometimes he enjoyed a short nap after dinner. I recollect playing as his partner at bezique one evening, when there was a long silence before his next move, only broken by merry laughter, in which he joined, as we discovered his lordship had been fast asleep. Lady Kinnaird was much taken up with the Sisterhood in Dundee, and all its works of charity and devotion. The Mother Superior was a personal friend, and a frequent visitor at the Priory. There was one peculiarity of the Priory with which frequent visitors like Dean Nicolson and myself were familiar. There was, at least in winter, a rather scanty supply of blankets! It was no uncommon sight after midnight to see us carefully collecting and carrying off rugs and greatcoats from the hall to our

own rooms. Truly, these were bright, happy days. And then there was the Chapel. It had once, I think, been the billiard-room; but, fitted up as it was with stone altar and every reverent adjunct of worship, the place was sacred and dear to us all. And how reverently our kind hosts knelt before that altar to receive the Bread of Life, and how attentively they listened to the Word of God. Later on, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, desiring to lead a quieter life, left the Priory and took up their abode, not far off, at the *Knapp*, a delightful residence, with its garden, amongst the woods. The Chapel at the Priory was so far dismantled, and the stone altar (now in the Side-Chapel of All Souls, Invergowrie) carefully put aside. In its place there was an Oratory or temporary Chapel in the cottage where the Chaplain resided at the hamlet or village close by, and here a little congregation of the faithful regularly assembled. It was at the Knapp that George William Fox Kinnaird died (7th Jan., 1878; aged 71), in Bishop Jermyn's time; and the Knapp became the jointure-house where his widow, Frances Lady Kinnaird, resided for the remainder of her days. The services at the Knapp Chapel continued until the beautiful Church of All Souls, Invergowrie (the foundation stone laid in May, 1890), was built in memory of Lord Kinnaird, and opened for public worship in 1891. It was my privilege, at the express wish of Lady Kinnaird, to preach the sermon at the Consecration. After the removal to the Knapp, the late Bishop Jenner, of Dunedin, offered a visit, and, writing to the Chaplain, who had explained the limited nature of the accommodation, replied, with reference to his being a rather tall man, and, therefore, in need of a biggish bed:—

"I want but little here below,
But I want that little *long!*"

This account of Rossie Priory and the Knapp may be concluded with the description of a funeral I took in the temporary absence of the Chaplain. "Sister Anne," a lay sister of the community of S. Mary's, Dundee, had been an invalid for a considerable time, and was residing near the Knapp when her end came. After service in the Chapel, the procession was formed and we walked some two miles to the parish churchyard of Inchture. Vested in cassock, surplice, stole, and biretta, I preceded the coffin. As we approached the churchyard the church bell was tolled, and the highly-esteemed parish minister was waiting to receive us, and, standing near me, reverently followed the service which I took at the grave. I still possess a little sacred picture given as a memorial of Sister Anne.

The Threiplands of Fingask.

It was during a longer stay than usual at the Priory that the Kinnairds took me with them to Fingask to lunch with Sir Patrick Murray Threipland and his surviving sister. There were three sisters—the youngest had died in 1863, and the eldest in 1871. At the time of my visit there was only the surviving sister, Miss Eliza, with her brother. I had been specially invited because of my avowed attachment to everything connected with the Jacobite cause. The Threiplands were noted for their devotion to the Stuarts, and possessed many cherished relics. Sir Patrick was the fifth Baronet—the first having been created by James II. of England and VII. of Scotland, in 1687. When the

Chevalier came to Scotland he went from Dundee, along the Carse of Gowrie, and came to Fingask on 7th January, 1716, dining there and spending the night. The Prince (at Fingask he was the King) presented Lady Threipland with a beautiful jewelled filigree watch and diamond cross, which were carefully preserved as precious souvenirs of the royal visit. To the young priest of S. Paul's the day spent at Fingask was like a chapter out of Walter Scott's "Waverley." There was a bit of romance over everything, including the quaintly cut trees in the grounds surrounding the house. Sir Patrick himself was like a knight of ancient days—tall, stately, and with the delightful old-fashioned courteous manners of bygone days. His sister was also a tall striking figure. She sat at lunch in full out-door dress, with an umbrella by her side instead of a walking-stick. I remember so well sitting beside her at one end of the table while Sir Patrick sat at the other, with a grave old butler behind him, who also seemed to belong to former days. The lunch—as I had been warned—was a formidable affair, in fact a dinner. We went through course after course, until at length the feast came to an end. Then Sir Patrick and his sister carried me off upstairs and downstairs to see the surviving portions of the bed where the Chevalier had slept, and all the precious relics of the Stuart cause and Jacobite days. It was a day to be remembered in one's life. I never managed to revisit Fingask, but I once, in later days, met Sir Patrick when he paid a visit of state in his old yellow chariot to Bishop Jermyn, then residing in the Carse of Gowrie. I possess a charming little volume, "The Threiplands of Fingask," written in 1853 by Dr. Robert Chambers, during the lifetime of Sir Patrick's

mother, Lady Threipland, and edited by Sir Patrick and published in 1880. Opposite the Baronet's Prefatory Note, there is the following extract from Dean Stanley's writings: "Who that had ever seen the delightful castle of Fingask, explored its inexhaustible collection of Jacobite relics, known its Jacobite inmates, and heard its Jacobite songs, did not feel himself transported to an older world, with the fond remembrances of a past age, of a past love, of a dear though vanquished cause?"

The Drummond-Hays of Seggieden.

In the Carse of Gowrie, between Kinfauns and Glencarse, five miles from Perth, stands Seggieden, the happy home for long years of Colonel and Mrs. Drummond-Hay. They were near neighbours of Rossie Priory, and it was through being there so frequently that I first formed a friendship with the family which has continued unbroken to the present day. What the Priory was to me at first, Seggieden became later. When some years after the Bishop's death I was laid aside for the first time since my ordination by illness, and was recovering from an attack of typhoid, it was to Seggieden that I went to recruit, after a long stay in England, before I took up work again in Dundee. How can one ever forget the kindness of those days. And always there rises before me the tall soldierly figure of "The Colonel," with his beautiful old world courtly ways, the kind welcoming face, and the warm grasp of the outstretched hand. When he put a lighted candle into your hand in the saloon, and wished you "Good night," it was as if you had stepped back into olden days. And in the mornings it was a fine sight as

you left your room and looked down from the gallery to the hall beneath to see him with the open Bible and Prayer Book in the midst of his family and domestics ready for prayers. Those who knew him can never forget his delightful love of natural history. It was impossible to resist the charm which he threw around everything in nature. No wonder his family inherited a similar devotion. I was at Seggieden when a letter came from the eldest son (now Colonel Richardson Drummond-Hay), then a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, written from Egypt immediately after a battle fought, I think, on Easter Day; and in the midst of all the excitement of his news describing the new plants and flowers he had seen. There used to be in those days considerable intercourse between Dundee and Seggieden. After Bishop Forbes' death, in the time of Bishop Jermyn, and chiefly through the active and generous efforts of Lord Kinnaird and Colonel Drummond-Hay, a church and parsonage were built at Glencarse, close to the little railway station, two miles on the road going from Seggieden to Dundee. To that church, which was within the diocese of Brechin, the family at Seggieden became deeply attached. It was a delightful thing to drive down of a Sunday morning for the early Eucharist with everyone silent and recollected, yet bright and cheerful. One of the Colonel's great works, while still in the diocese of St. Andrews, was the part he took in raising an endowment for that diocese. The good, kind Colonel passed to his rest in January, 1896, and the writer, then in Ayr, was present at the funeral of one of the best and kindest friends, and one of the most devoted and pure-hearted men he has ever known. His widow and daughters still (1912) reside at Seggieden, while

his eldest son, now married, was until lately in command of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, and the younger son is in Ceylon. It is of such laymen that the Church of our fathers in Scotland may well give thanks to God and take courage. For their lives and examples have helped to restore our ancient Faith to its rightful place in the respect and regard of our fellow-countrymen.

Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune.

Amongst the leading personalities of those years I have attempted to describe, must certainly be included Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune. When I first came to know her she had reached a ripe old age, but remained full of interest in everything and everyone around her. Her delight was to see at Duntrune as many young people as possible. She was a member of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and connected with the congregation of S. Mary's, Broughty-Ferry (of which the Rev. Dr. Mackness was Incumbent), that church being nearer to Duntrune than any of the Dundee churches. I think my first visit, or one of my first visits, was made in company with two young ladies from England—friends of Mr. Macnamara—and for whom Miss Graham had a great regard. We walked to Duntrune from Broughty-Ferry. The friendship thus begun continued till her death, August, 1877, in her 96th year; and my last visit was made within a few days before she passed from us. I was greatly touched by the consideration shown for one so young. She nearly always placed me beside her at lunch time, and in the old-fashioned way insisted on heaping my plate with good things so long as I seemed able to go on. She soon found

out all about me and my belongings, and was rather severe on my rather defective acquaintance with the Scotch tongue. An Aberdeenshire Scottish book had just appeared, called "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," which she lent me, with the remark, "Your father would understand it better than you." But she was smiling all the time. My father, of course, was delighted when I reported this saying to him. She was a great authority on bees, and explained all about them on a later occasion when I was allowed to draw her bath chair round the garden. The only change I ever noticed in her was that, as time passed, she seemed to grow smaller and smaller. She was really a most charming representative of the delightful Scotch ladies of Sir Walter Scott's days. And, indeed, my love for Scott helped me to a place in her regard. She liked to hear me say I had known his novels from childhood through hearing them all read aloud in turn by my father, and that next to the Bible and Prayer Book I owed anything that was good in me through books to Walter Scott. There were two things in particular that lent a special interest to this dear old lady. She was a lineal descendant of Viscount Dundee, John Graham of Claverhouse. After Dundee's death at Killiecrankie, the representation of the family devolved on a cousin, David Graham of Duntrune, and, eventually, the property was inherited equally by four sisters, of whom Miss Stirling Graham's mother was one. The other interesting fact is the remarkable way in which Miss Graham, in her young days, was able to assume the role of an imaginary old Scotch lady called "Lady Pitlyal," so that even those who were intimately acquainted with Miss Graham, *e.g.*, Scott and Jeffrey, were unable to

detect the disguise. These experiences were, eventually, published under the title of "Mystifications," and are also to be found in a charming volume of Dr. John Brown's (author of "Rab and his Friends"), entitled "John Leech and other Papers." In the same volume there is a brief sketch of Miss Graham, which, along with "Mystifications," will amply repay perusal. They will show how surprisingly and cleverly she "took in" such intimate friends as those already mentioned and a host of others.

CHAPTER VIII.

END OF THE FIVE YEARS.

The Bishop's last Lent and Easter at S. Paul's.

"YOU will, I hope, remain with me for five years," had been the Bishop's words soon after my settlement in Dundee, and I never forgot them. We were together like father and son till as the year 1875 drew to a close death us did part. In the Diocesan Magazine for April, 1875, it is mentioned—"The Bishop of Brechin has left for the Continent, and will be absent two months." In the same number there is an account of the Lent and Easter services at S. Paul's. "The late Lenten season may be looked back to as a promising one for the Church in Dundee, if large and attentive congregations throughout all the services connected with it be an indication of Christian progress. The touching and impressive sermons delivered by the Right Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese and the clergy on the evenings of Wednesdays and Fridays had each a more than ordinary share of reverent and attentive hearers. At the Sunday services too the congregations were more than ordinarily large. On Palm Sunday, Mr. G. Low, M.A., of University of Aberdeen, and Mr. James Wilson, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford (on letters demissory from his father, the Bishop of Glasgow), were ordained by Bishop Forbes. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. G. Grub. The

same day, at 3 p.m., a Confirmation service was held, the church being filled to overflowing. Upwards of 160 candidates were confirmed. On Good Friday there were excellent congregations. An earnest and affecting sermon on the Passion and Death of Our Blessed Redeemer was preached by the Rev. R. R. Lingard-Guthrie at the forenoon service, and a deeply touching and impressive one on the same subject by the Bishop in the evening; the midday meditations were given by the Rev. G. Grub. The Easter services commenced on Easter Eve at 7·30, the church was well filled, and the service commenced with a procession formed of the Bishop, clergy, and choristers entering the church from the outer vestry. The anthem was 'Christ Our Passover' (Goss). A suitable sermon was preached from S. John, viii. 24. After the sermon, Hymn 105 was sung, and the Bishop pronounced the Benediction. On Easter Day there were three morning services—Holy Communion, choral, at 8 a.m.; Holy Communion, plain, at 9·45; Matins and Holy Communion at 11 a.m. At the early service the church was full in every part. The Bishop, clergy, and choristers again entered the church in procession, the pastoral staff being borne by the Rev. R. R. Lingard-Guthrie, his lordship's chaplain. The Rev. H. Macnamara was Celebrant. At the 11 o'clock service the church was again crowded, many strangers being present. The Bishop was Celebrant, assisted by the Revs. Macnamara and Grub. The number of communicants was very large. Evensong was sung at 6·30. The church was crowded to overflowing. An eloquent sermon was preached by the Bishop from I. Cor., vi. 7 to 8, on the blessedness of frequent participation of the Holy Communion."

The magazine also mentions that on Tuesday, the 25th of May, the Bishop of Brechin was present at the Annual Festival of Cuddesdon Theological College, and at the luncheon returned thanks for the strangers. It goes on to say the Archbishop of Canterbury gave his annual dinner to the Bishops on Tuesday, May 11th, when there were present three Archbishops and 21 Bishops, including those of Moray and Ross, Brechin, and St. Andrews.

In September of the same year, 1875, I seem to have spent a few days in Aberdeen, and my very irregularly kept diary records the circumstance that on the 16th of that month I met the Bishop at the railway station on his way to examine the Stonehaven schools. Before leaving for the north I had been visiting a young man whose health had given way in Edinburgh, where he practised as a lawyer and acted as a "deacon" of the Free Church. But no minister of religion attended him after his arrival in Dundee except myself, and he accepted my ministrations with real gratitude. I hurried on my return from Aberdeen to see him, but found he had passed away early that morning rather suddenly. Shortly before the end he had been reading a little volume of Bishop Walsham How's—"Plain Words"—which I had given him. About this time Macnamara must have left on holiday, as he was abroad when the Bishop died. I see briefly recorded in my diary that on Tuesday, 21st September—S. Matthew's Day—the foundation stone of the new church at Stonehaven was laid, and that Canon Liddon was present and made a speech. But I was unable to accompany the Bishop as I had the S. Paul's services on my hands, and we made it a point never, if possible, to leave our parish without a priest in residence. Little

did we think this was to be the last official act of the Bishop in his diocese; and little did I think how, in a few years, the new church of S. James', Stonehaven, and myself were to be closely and lovingly associated together for nearly ten years.

Laying Foundation Stone of New Church at Stonehaven.

As already mentioned above, the foundation stone of the new Church at Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, was laid on S. Matthew's Day, and is memorable as the last official act of the Bishop in his diocese. In Stonehaven he began his ministry in the Scottish Church; there was a fitness in thus terminating his official acts in the same place. A full account of the ceremony was given in the *Scottish Guardian* for 1st October, 1875, and some things worth remembering were said on that occasion. The scheme for building a new Church originated during the incumbency of Dean Thom, but did not actually take shape until the incumbency of the Rev. H. H. Flower, now Rector of S. Columba's, Edinburgh. Matins was said in the old Church of S. James, built in 1737, which was crowded. From the Church the Bishop, clergy, and congregation went to the site of the new building, where the foundation stone was laid by the Bishop in presence of a large concourse of people. At the luncheon which followed, amongst the speakers, besides the Bishop himself, were Lord Forbes, Sir Robert W. Duff of Fetteresso, M.P., and Canon Liddon; and Canon Malcolm Maccoll was amongst the guests. It was remembered afterwards by some present how there was an undertone of solemnity in the words spoken by the

Bishop. "Of course," he said, "thanks and gratitude predominate, but I cannot help looking back to nearly thirty years ago, when I first came to Stonehaven as the clergyman of this most interesting incumbency, and when I think that almost all those who greeted me at that time the grave has covered, and that those whom I baptised here are now in the full vigour of manhood, pursuing their different avocations in life, and when I think of the many who year after year have received at my hands the Apostolic grace of Confirmation, I cannot return thanks to you without very solemn and serious thoughts. And yet these thoughts, if dashed with seriousness, are also thoughts of great gratitude—gratitude to God, gratitude for the progress of our Church. I am quite sure that all through Scotland our Church has a noble future before her. I see disintegration going on intellectually round about us, and, on the other hand, I see in our own Church consolidation, increased dogmatic knowledge, increased appreciation of our special privileges, increased attachment to our Church. We have a great cause committed to us. If our principles are not realities we have no business to hold them; but we are bound to cling to them if we believe they are realities—great divine realities—which will find their ultimate place in the world to come." Some of Liddon's words are worthy of preservation especially those referring to Episcopacy and Bishop Forbes. "The real fundamental question," he said, "was whether you have or not in the Episcopal Communion the chartered means of communion with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is a question that can be settled only by an appeal to facts. The facts as we look at the

matter, honestly are these: In the earliest ages of Christianity, long before the Church of Christ knew what was the frontier of the Canon of the New Testament, long before they knew what books were or were not included within that, they had from east to west, from north to south, one and one only form of government—Episcopal." Speaking of the Bishop, he went on to say that—"Their Diocesan was respected as perhaps no other Bishop of the Church in Scotland was respected. On the Rhine, on the Thames, at Heidelberg, at Oxford, at London, wherever learning of the highest order, erudition, deep piety are held in regard, his name was mentioned with the deepest reverence." Referring to Stonehaven, he continued, "It was classic ground. It was associated with some of the most interesting, perhaps they ought to say some of the most tragical passages in the history of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. What that Church had gone through only those who had read the historians of the Church carefully could tell. But he knew enough to be aware of this, that there have been few passages in the history of any Church in Christendom in which more has been suffered from the persistent worry of persecution as distinct from its darker phases. Depend upon it, those years of persecution had not been lost. They were the earnest of a great future. They represented an adherence to principle for which future generations would thank God. They would be looked back to in the years to come as the heroic age of this Communion. Whatever truth the Episcopal Church has she holds for the future, for her Presbyterian brethren, and for all. And in this age of thorough enquiry, when the people look into the heart of all questions, the days, he was quite sure, will come

when this will be recognised, and when the truth that had been so nobly upheld would be the common inheritance of all."

Last Sunday at S. Paul's.

On the Sunday following the ceremony at Stonehaven (18th Sunday after Trinity) it is noted in my diary :—"8 a.m.—Serve the Bishop. 11 a.m.—Take service and celebrate ; Bishop preaches. 3 p.m.—Bishop takes service; I preach. Have talk with the Bishop about Mr. Body and the Synod." Such is a brief record of the Bishop's farewell Sunday in the Church he loved. For the last time he offered at its altar the Holy Sacrifice, he preached the Word of God, he said the Evening Office. The only further references to the Bishop in the diary are the following :—"Monday, 27 (Sept.)—Bishop laid up. 29 (SS. Michael and All Angels), 2·30 p.m. to 4 p.m.—At the Bishop's house. 30 (Thursday)—Bishop still ill." Here my Dundee notes for 1875 unfortunately come to an abrupt termination. I must let others assist in describing the events which marked the few concluding days preceding that day when, so unexpectedly, our father in God was taken from us.

CHAPTER IX.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

THE following account of what took place during the Bishop's brief illness and previous to his death is gathered from Canon Mackey's Memoir, Miss Skene's Sketch of the Bishop's Life, and my own recollections. On the 18th Sunday after Trinity, five days after the ceremony at Stonehaven, the Bishop, as already mentioned, preached his last sermon, though feeling unwell, and advised to refrain from the exertion. But he was one of those whose energies outrun their strength, and, if so permitted, could desire nothing better than "to die in harness." And it was a time which naturally had for the Bishop more than usual interest, as within the following week the annual Diocesan Synod was to take place, and, at the same time, some special mission services which he had arranged to be conducted by Canon Body. He became, however, so much indisposed during the following week that he was unable to attend the special services, or to be present at the Synod held on Tuesday, 5th October, where the Dean, in his absence, presided and read the Bishop's charge. So little even then was any serious turn to his illness apprehended that none of his relations were sent for; yet it would seem that some voice must have whispered to him that the end of his earthly ministry might be near, for at the commencement of his illness, when there was no reason to

suppose it serious, he expressed his perfect readiness to die or to live as it might please God, and maintained to the last perfect resignation, profound peace, and most firm faith in his Divine Lord and in the Blessed Sacrament, whereby he knew that his soul was kept in union with Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. In the Bishop's charge, read at the Synod, reference was made to various helpful signs in the Church. "A hopeful sign in Scotland," he said, was the increased attention to outward propriety in religious worship, and the death of that mode of thought, which maintained that the greatest devotion was obtained by the greatest simplicity—the practical result of which was that Churches were built like barns, and Divine Service was conducted in a very slovenly fashion. The change is remarkable. Everywhere around us, even in systems with which we have no theological affinity, we see the aid of architecture being invoked in the construction of Churches, and the unattractive forms of Presbyterian worship are being modified by the introduction of chanted psalms, organs, and other accessories of Divine Worship, which would have horrified the last generation. All this must surely be in the right direction. It will develop that æsthetic taste in religion which can only be gratified in the Church. It will create an appetite for those ancient forms of devotion, which, not without some loss of beauty and completeness, have been preserved in our admirable Book of Common Prayer, which, taking it all in all—its matchless English, stately rythm, its sober devotion, its distinct dogmatic teaching — is the most perfect Book of Worship in the language of our country, and all this the more if that Service Book be exhibited in its perfection accompanied by those accessories which

ought ever to surround it. Solemn strains of music, the pealing organ, the aspiring forms of architecture, the graceful vestments of the officiants, the symbolic rites which speak of the highest mysteries of the Kingdom of God, and which to the outward eye identify the Church to the present day with the early Christianity which first illuminated these Isles, will be demanded by a people who are daily improving in all that makes civil and domestic life graceful and refined".

The Bishop evinced the liveliest interest in the proceedings of the Synod, and was particularly gratified at a resolution expressive of sympathy with the Old Catholic Conference at Bonn. For the next few days his health fluctuated, and he seemed to be rallying, and even said to those about him that he thought he was recovering from the attack which had so suddenly prostrated him. We can but regard it as a proof of his Lord's care for him, that an English clergyman, who was very dear to him (the Rev. R. S. Hunt, Vicar of Markbeech, Edenbridge), came to pay a very brief passing visit to the Bishop, arriving, as men would say, accidentally. And it is remarkable that, five years previous to this time, the same clergyman had been with him through a severe illness at Dundee, and the Bishop then expressed to the Dean his earnest wish that he might be there again to attend him on his death-bed; so that it is impossible not to see God's guiding hand in this opportune visit at the time when death was, in fact, so very near. On the day which proved to be the last but one of his life, the Bishop expressed a wish to see this friend, in order to make his confession to him. This was done. And so it was that this noble confessor for catholic truth received the

last consolations of religion as he had himself imparted them to numbers of others—strengthened by the Church's words of pardon and peace to depart and be with Christ. This was just twenty-four hours before his soul departed. During this time there was no access of pain, and in the evening the Bishop spoke cheerfully of his condition to his faithful friend, Dean Nicolson, who had tended him with the most unremitting care from the commencement. About eight o'clock, however, on the evening of Friday, October 8th, he suddenly fainted. The Dean, seeing that the faintness was serious, sent a message for the doctor, and soon after, perceiving the near approach of death, knelt down together with those present, and said the last prayers of the Church, and, just as he uttered the words which commended the soul of that dear father and friend to the hands of the faithful Creator, the last sigh passed gently over the silent lips.

The same night the Bishop died I wrote as follows to my father:—

"The Bishop's House,

"Friday, midnight (Oct. 8).

"My Dear Father, — My telegram will have brought you the sad news of the Bishop's death, which has fallen on us here with the suddenness of an unexpected and terrible blow. For *him* there is rest and peace after a weary journey and a noble life; for us there is sorrow and sadness and the uprooting of our lives. He was indeed to me a father in God, dearer than I knew till now. He was progressing favourably, but to-day gout was joined to the pleurisy; still nothing was feared. At 8 p.m., after our service in Church, I was informed that he had suddenly fainted, and the doctor had been sum-

moned. I saw the doctor arrive, and returned to Church to send away a number of people waiting to see me. While doing this a message came, 'He is gone!' Even yet I think it is a dream. I ran to the house and up to his room to find him asleep in Our Blessed Saviour, having passed away peacefully without pain. The gout had suddenly gone to his heart. The Dean, Sister Margaret Mary, Sister Robina, and the doctor [Maclaggan] were beside him when he passed away. I have telegraphed to poor Macnamara at Rome, but, travelling day and night, five days is the least he can take to come here. All our clergy in the town have been here since the death, and all have now left except myself. None of us can realise our loss—it is too heavy on our souls at present. Our dear Bishop lies peacefully in his cassock, watched to-night by the Mother and Sister Margaret Mary. Bye and bye the Dean and myself are going to say beside him some prayers. May perpetual light shine upon him! and the good God comfort us. It is strange how in many ways he has, as it were, prepared for the hour of his departure. We can make no arrangements until his relations arrive to-morrow. They have been telegraphed to-night, and his sisters, I believe, are at Crauford Priory, which is near us. The last time I saw him was on Sunday evening, either before or after my letter to mother. I sat beside him for some time, and he wished me to have tea, but I said I had had some downstairs with Mr. Body. We talked about the mission sermons and some other things which at present I do not remember. On my leaving, he said simply 'Good-bye, dear,' without mentioning my name, as he generally did. He appeared very weak, but quiet and uncomplaining. The day before,

or two days before, he said to me: 'Thank God, I have no trouble in mind, body, or estate.' A dear old friend of his has been with him for some days—Mr. Hunt, a clergyman of the Keble school, in Kent. He ministered to him in his sickness, and only left him this morning. It is curious, is it not, that the last letters received by him and read to him were little notes from Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman—the latter calling him 'My dear Bishop of Brechin.' The Dean said prayers beside the Bishop at six o'clock this evening, and he then thought himself better. Just as the sudden attack came on, we, unconscious of his near departure, were offering the prayer (appointed to be read on his behalf) in his own Church —I being the only priest present, but a large choir and good congregation, and this too on a wet dark night. A better, happier end than his could not be. He has taken his departure from his own earthly home amidst those who love him, with his Christian armour on—his last words in his charge still new in our minds. On Sunday week (26th Sept.) he celebrated the Holy Eucharist and preached for the last time in S. Paul's. The last time he was in Church was the same afternoon, when he said the service while I preached. I was with him that evening, and had tea brought to me in his room. We made arrangements about the visit of Mr. Body and the Synod service, and he expressed his approval of all I had done."

Such was the sudden departure of our beloved Bishop. He had entered into rest on Friday, 8th October, about 8 p.m. We laid his body in the grave prepared for its reception in the vault beneath the chancel of his own noble Church on the afternoon of the following Friday, October 15. How can one

who witnessed it ever forget the remarkable scene which took place, on the Sunday following the death, in the library where the Bishop's body lay fully robed with his mitre and pastoral staff. Massive wax candles burned on either side of the coffin, and at the foot was a table with cross and lights and flowers. A continuous stream of people passed round the coffin from morning to night—it was thought some 7000 in number. They almost all placed their hands on the Bishop's brow, and many were heard to say "God bless you, Bishop," or "God bless you, sir." All ranks and conditions of life were there—a large proportion were young men, and there were very many Presbyterians and Roman Catholics. During the afternoon children from the Sunday Schools throughout the town crowded up the steep outside stairs, and then walked gently and reverently round the room where lay the lifeless form of one who had so often gone in and out amongst them. It was late at night before the doors could be shut, and the touching scene brought to an end. Next morning the coffin was closed, but loving watchers remained in the room day and night. Writing the day after, the Bishop's brother said—"Had it been possible there would have been quite as many next day, as the street was crowded all yesterday (Monday) with multitudes wishing to see him. I fully believe that this demonstration, could he have witnessed it, would have been more to him than any testimonial. It showed the gratitude of the people for his constant efforts to do them good. It was wonderful that this should have been shown, not amongst an excitable southern people like the Italians, but among the calm, thoughtful, working men of Dundee." On Thursday evening, October 14, the coffin was brought

into the Church and placed in the chancel, the clergy of S. Paul's keeping watch throughout the night. At the base of the coffin a brass plate bore the simple record drawn up by one of the Bishop's relations after an old Saxon model :—

ALEXANDER, EPISCOPUS BRECHINENSIS,

In Pace Quievit Anno Salutis MDCCCLXXV.
Episcopatus sui xxviii.
Aetatis boro LIX.

The Church had no outward sign of mourning, with the exception of the altar cross and the Bishop's stall, at the back of which the arms of the See of Brechin were thrown into relief by the black cloth back-ground. Wreaths of flowers lay on the coffin, and six large wax tapers burned around it. At 9 A.M., on Friday, October 15, the Primus (Dr. Eden, Bishop of Moray) celebrated the Holy Communion (which was rendered chorally) assisted by the S. Paul's clergy, when so many communicated that the service was greatly prolonged, although there had been four previous Celebrations at earlier hours.

By two o'clock, the hour fixed for the Funeral Service, the Church was crowded with a thoroughly representative assembly of clergy and laity from every diocese in Scotland, and from England. It was estimated that between 2000 and 3000 persons were present. The long procession of clergy and choristers was joined at the Church porch by the Bishop and other dignitaries. Mr. William Forbes of Medwyn, as chief mourner, stood at the head of the coffin, while the Rev. R. R. Lingard-Guthrie stood at the foot holding the pastoral staff veiled in crape, and beside him the Rev. George Grub. Six of the principal clergy in the diocese (Revs. J. W.

Hunter, James Crabb, John Woodward, William Hatt, James Gammack, and Henry Macnamara), were on either side of the coffin, and assisted to lower it into the vault prepared in the Chancel. Some who were present remember how, while this was taking place, a great sob arose from the whole of the vast congregation. The Dean of Brechin, who conducted the service, dropped the earth and ashes on the coffin at the words of committal:—

> "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
> Calmly now the words we say—
> Leaving him to sleep in trust
> Till the Resurrection-day."

Just before the close of the Office the sun broke through the stained-glass windows and fell in many hued brightness on the white pall with its crimson cross which covered the bier.

Tributes and Memorials.

There were many tributes both in England and Scotland to the Bishop's work and influence. The Bishop of Aberdeen's (Dr. Suther) sermon at S. Paul's, Dundee, was worthy of the occasion; and Dean Nicolson gave an admirable résumé of the wonderful progress which had taken place during Bishop Forbes' episcopate. But it may suffice to give the following extracts from sermons preached on the occasion by the Rev. William Knight (afterwards Professor Knight of St. Andrews University) of the Established Church, Dundee, and the Rev. George Gilfillan, a popular and distinguished minister of the U.P. Church. The former said:—"Though separated by ecclesiastical barriers and differences in religious thought, no one could come into contact with Bishop

Forbes without being the better for the interview. He had the rare gift of conciliation and the highest Christian courtesy, by which he always disarmed prejudice and opposition, and he was profoundly esteemed by hundreds who differed widely from his views. A life of consecrated labour and of high enthusiasm in the Christian cause, of rare philanthropy, and of unworldly devotion to the things that are not seen and temporal, as well as of loyalty to conviction, has it not much to teach us all?" Mr. Gilfillan gave a remarkable and characteristic instance of the Bishop's generosity of heart—"He might be called the father of the poor in this locality, and he was unwearied night and day in his attentions to the outcast, the destitute, and the forlorn. I knew the respected Bishop slightly for more than 20 years, but it is not more than five or six years since circumstances brought us somewhat closely together, and they were sufficiently remarkable. The late Rev. Dr. George Aspinall, a man of considerable literary distinction, came to this town to preside over a party who were disaffected to the Bishop's teaching. Dr. Aspinall had hardly been here when he was seized with paralysis, and was laid helpless and utterly destitute upon a hopeless couch. He sent for me, having known me slightly in former days. I was newly arrived from a journey to England, but I went to him immediately, and, to my surprise, found the Bishop before me. He was there at the bedside of one whom he might well have accounted his opponent, if not an adversary. He continued to watch over him with the greatest assiduity. Efforts were made, partly through myself and partly through the Bishop, for raising a considerable sum of money for him. It was raised, but the Bishop was not satisfied

with this, and personally applied, I know not in how many directions, in order to secure something permanent for the unfortunate man. Something good would, undoubtedly, have been done had not Dr. Aspinall in the meantime died. I mention this to show the exceeding disinterestedness and considerateness of the Bishop's benevolence. This was, I believe, only one specimen among thousands. I close by repeating that he was a man, a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian." And the following warm tribute from the Editor of the *Dundee Advertiser* is worthy of preservation:—"The noble structure on the Castle Hill, in which so much of the Bishop's ecclesiastical work was done, the Churches of S. Mary Magdalene, S. Salvador, and S. Margaret's, Lochee, and the various schools connected with them, owe their origin to his intense desire to found worthy sanctuaries for the worship of the Almighty, and will remain the best memorials of his usefulness. He was most active also in establishing and conducting the Home for the Restoration of Females, the Convalescent Home, and the Baldovan Orphanage. He was also a freqnent visitor of the Prison, the Infirmary, and all charitable institutions. He was emphatically a working Bishop, and the extent of his benefactions, not only to the Church with which he was connected, but to the poor who sought his aid, will probably never be fully known. To be useful was his constant desire. Ever kind and self-sacrificing, the humblest curate in the diocese could count on the Bishop taking his duty if no immediate substitute could be found. In parochial work he was indefatigable, ministering to the sick, consoling the wounded in spirit, and conveying the promise of pardon to the sincerely repentant. An upright judge

of the cause of the widow and the orphan, he gave bounteously of his worldly goods, and never turned his face from any poor man. While he ever conveyed the idea of his high office, it was never obtrusively presented, and the impression he left on the minds of all with whom he conversed was that of a high-toned Christian gentleman. Whatever may be thought of his ecclesiastical views, his earnestness, his benevolence, and his piety will long be cherished in remembrance. While naturally aristocratic in his tone, Bishop Forbes keenly sympathised with the masses, and showed this not only by his readiness to further every benevolent movement, but by his anxiety to heal the breaches between divided classes. He was the first to call upon us during the recent strike to suggest mediation between the employers and employed; and in various instances when the poor were suffering greatly from want of employment his appeals on their behalf opened the fountains of public liberality."

Perhaps this is the best place to insert three letters by "Famous Men," copies of which were given to me at the time:—

Cardinal Newman to Dean Nicolson.

"The Oratory,
"Birmingham, Oct. 11, 1875.

"My Dear Sir,

"It was a great shock to me to read the announcement in the papers of Bishop Forbes's death after having so lately corresponded with him. What a severe blow it must be to his large circle of friends! Especially it must be deeply felt by Dr.

Pusey, and I am anxious about the effect it may have upon him.

"I hope to say Mass for him to-morrow morning.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Dr. Pusey to Dean Nicolson.

"Christ Church,
"Oxford, Oct. 12, 1875.

"MY DEAR DEAN,

"I did not write, for it is beyond words. We can only say *Fiat Voluntas Tua*. I could not be there myself. It is sometime since I have ceased to be able to be present at the last sad office. But two who are in this house, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, would find it a comfort to be there. Among the many who would wish the same, could you find a place for them?

"God have mercy,

"Yours most faithfully,

"E. B. PUSEY."

Canon Liddon to Dean Nicolson.

"3 Amen Court,
"S. Paul's, Oct. 12, 1875.

"MY DEAR DEAN,

"I cannot but write a few lines to assure you of my sympathy in this hour of sorrow. Who would have thought when we had the dear Bishop among us at Stonehaven only last month, his earthly career was so near its close? There was a sadness, I

remember, in his speech, which had almost the character of a presentiment, and something of the same kind struck me in our conversations at Oxford last May. Certain it is that death would never find him unprepared, and that few whom we have ever known in life may hope for a higher place before the Throne. May his great name and bright example help them to whom the withdrawal of his presence must be so great a loss.

"Ever yours,

"H. P. LIDDON."

The *Memorial to the Bishop* took the form of a see-house for the diocese, that being known to be in accordance with the departed prelate's own desires. The house selected and adapted for this purpose is situated between Dundee and Broughty-Ferry about three miles from the city, and bears the name of "Forbes - Court." There was also placed in the sanctuary of S. Paul's an altar-tomb with a recumbent figure of the Bishop in alabaster. This had been suggested in a letter to the Dean of Brechin by Mr. Beresford Hope, whose opinions in matters of art the Bishop held in high esteem. Lord Mar and Killie had also written saying that such a statue to his father had been erected (in the Church at Alloa), and looked remarkably well. The work was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and executed by Messrs. Farmer & Brindley, London. On the tomb there is the inscription:—"Alexander, Episcopus Brechinensis. Anno Salutis MDCCCLXXV. In Pace." A Brass with a figure of the Bishop duly vested was placed over the spot where his body was laid in the centre of the Chancel.

This chapter may fitly be concluded with an excellent summary of the Bishop's life and work which appeared in the *Brechin Diocesan Magazine* of Nov., 1875:—

"The most striking feature of our late dear Bishop's character was his profound, his ardent, his unaffected piety. In this respect he recalled the memory of the early Confessors of the Church, whom he imitated in his rigorous self-denial and spiritual fervour. His faith was tinctured by an unworldly enthusiasm, and he counted it joy to spend and be spent in his Master's service. This piety overflowed into his daily life, and coloured all his thoughts and all his actions. It lay at the root of his inexhaustible benevolence, which was continually being exercised at the cost of considerable privations. The Bishop was an eloquent preacher and felicitous speaker; and in society distinguished by the charm of his address and the attractiveness of his conversation. As he was pre-eminently a Scottish priest with a chivalrous attachment to his old historic Church, so was he also pre-eminently a Scottish gentleman with a keen appreciation of the many sides of the national character. The Bishop was an accomplished scholar. He was no ordinary linguist, and he wrote Latin and Greek with equal elegance and propriety. Few men surpassed him in a knowledge at once extensive and deep of the earlier theologians. In patristic literature he was an adept. With the writings of the schoolmen and of the best devotional authors of France and Italy he was well acquainted. Nor was he less at home in ecclesiological and archæological subjects, nor unobservant of the various developments assumed by the literature of the day. His industry

was wonderful ; he found time for active work, for an extensive correspondence, for regular study, and for preparation of elaborate and thoughtful articles on a vast variety of topics. Even his charges assumed a scholarly character, and sometimes proved to be manifestoes of much importance. Above all, however, he was an Apostle of the Church of Christ, a courageous leader, and a brave defender of the faith ; and he was not merely a Scottish Bishop, labouring with equal efficiency and success in the administration of his diocese, but he was one of the leaders of an influential school of thought. He was the friend of Pusey, Liddon, and Dollinger ; he was the trusted councillor of scores of the younger clergy, theology was his favourite science, and as a theological teacher he was second to none of his contemporaries. While, however, his theological views were distinctly sacramental, and while he had earnestly desired to find a common basis for the Anglican and Tridentine definitions of the Faith, having in view the re-union of the different divisions of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, he was still, as his last charge conclusively and eloquently testified, sincerely and truly an Anglican Churchman of the old and admirable school of Ken, Bull, Andrewes, and Cosin, with whose honoured names we are persuaded his dearly cherished remembrance will in after generations be associated."

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